For Housewares, It Pays to Shop on the Bowery
Why Your Local Theater Now Shows Porno Flicks
Steve Martin: He's Funnier Than Chevy Chase

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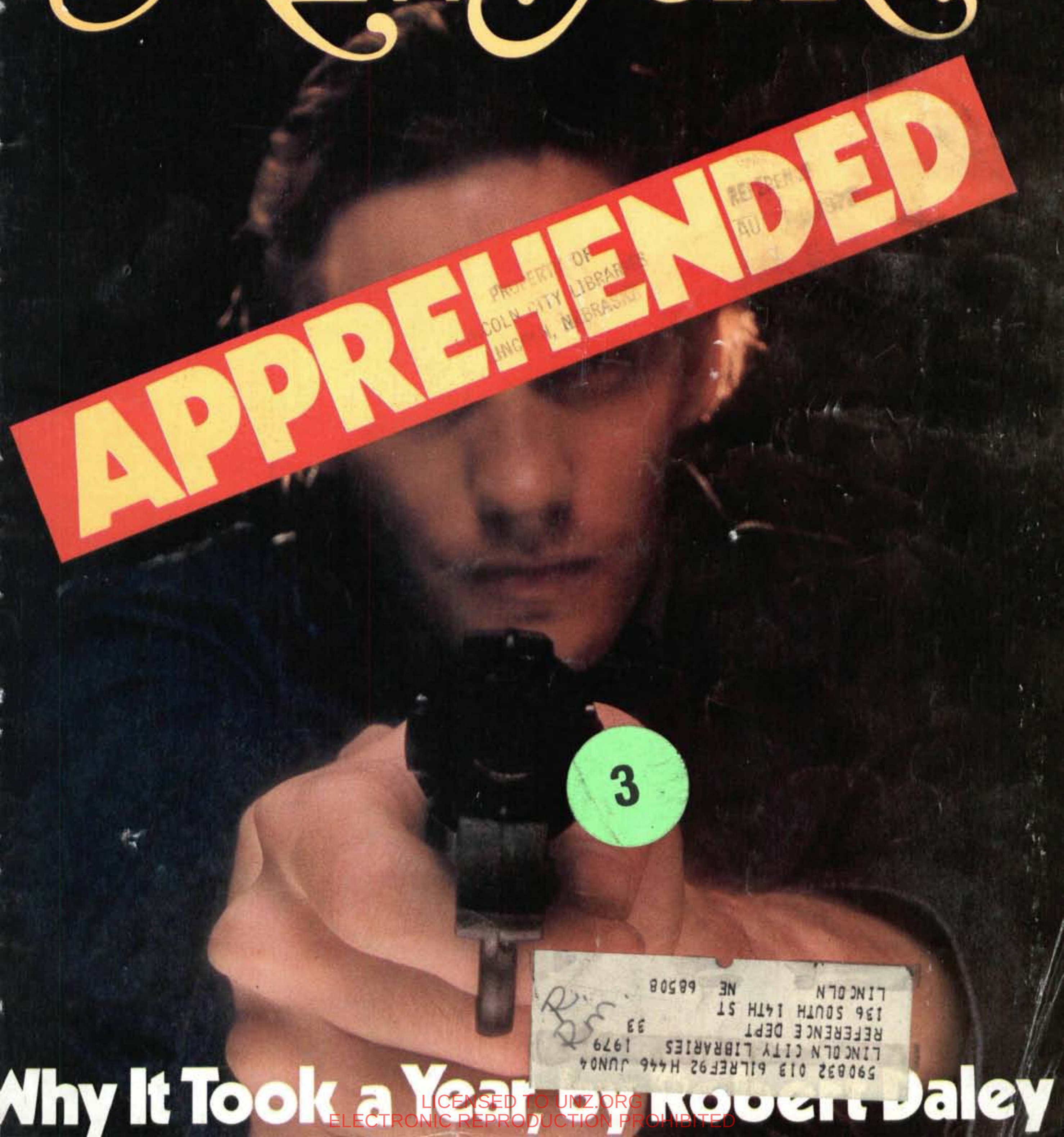
AUGUST 22, 1977

NEW YORK



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VOL. 10 NO. 34

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The Perils of the Picture Show: Fade-out on an Era

By Ron Chernow

Quick! Go to the movies, while you still can! It seems that there's an alarming trend afoot. You see, the studios—which really aren't studios anymore, but that's another story—aren't making enough films to fill existing theaters. This, combined with the encroachment of television, does not bode well for the neighborhood cinema and the honorable American tradition of the Saturday-night movie. Unless you'd just as soon watch it at home, that is.

ASTO
GARBO-JOAN
AN
LION

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The World's Most Infuriating Crossword Competition

By Jack Iams

Clue: tweedy, pipe-smoking men; Chelsea Flower Show ladies; 230 maddening overachievers racing the clock. Answer: the London *Times* national puzzle championship. Among those competing was addict Jack Iams, who, when the point totals were finally posted, found himself somewhere in the middle, which, as you'll see, is no small achievement. Herewith his firsthand report of what it was like to be there.

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The Search for Sam: Why It Took So Long

By Robert Daley

The most sophisticated crime-fighting equipment and 300 of our best detectives were on the case, but it took more than a year, and six deaths, before David Berkowitz was apprehended. Daley, a former deputy police commissioner–turned–novelist gets to the crux: Detective training, morale, selection, and such techniques as composite sketches are all seriously in question. And most of the clues from self-styled "experts" led nowhere. Prior to the arrest of Berkowitz we had a respected graphologist take a look at a copy of the note sent to Jimmy Breslin. Based on its content and the handwriting, a profile was drawn up. See for yourself how close it came. Also, contributing editor T. George Harris casts a critical eye at historical psychological profiles and composite sketches. Some were close; others missed by a mile and may have been more of a hindrance than a help.

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The, Uh, Madcap Wasp Comedian

By Janet Coleman

Steve Martin's cult following has burgeoned to a full-blown national craze. He's hosted *The Tonight Show* and *Saturday Night*. He's been seen wearing bunny ears. An arrow through his head. Juggling oranges. And he can get a laugh just by saying "Hello." And—would you believe it?—he's a Wasp. Janet Coleman looks at the man behind the bunny ears, arrows, and oranges.

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The City Politic: What's-Her-Name Against Whozit

By Ken Lerer

City Council president. It's a great title. It sounds so impressive. But the truth is, it's not much of a job at all. So why are five candidates vying for the Democratic nod on September 8?

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The Bottom Line: An SEC Roasting—Beame and Goldin

By Dan Dorfman

A soon-to-be-released SEC report will suggest the mayor and comptroller should have been more up-front about the city's financial woes.

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Art: At the Whitney—Women Under Wraps

By Thomas B. Hess

The Whitney's new turn-of-the-century-America show is a handsome exhibition from any aspect, but its most interesting aspect is the way it documents the role of women in society around 1900.

Page 58

Movies: Of Superhuman Bondage

By John Simon

Like all James Bond movies, *The Spy Who Loved Me* must not be taken seriously. On its own, it's crackling entertainment, which is all that matters.

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Music: Opera in Britain, Opera by Britten

By Alan Rich

A trip to Glyndebourne is a journey into a British never-never land, but the musical values outweigh the eccentricities at this rural opera house.

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The Passionate Shopper: It Pays to Shop on the Bowery

The Bowery has had its ups and downs, but it just happens to have the largest selection of cooking-equipment stores in the country, all in the space of a few blocks. Our selective list of distributors will lead you to the best of bargains.

MISCELLANY

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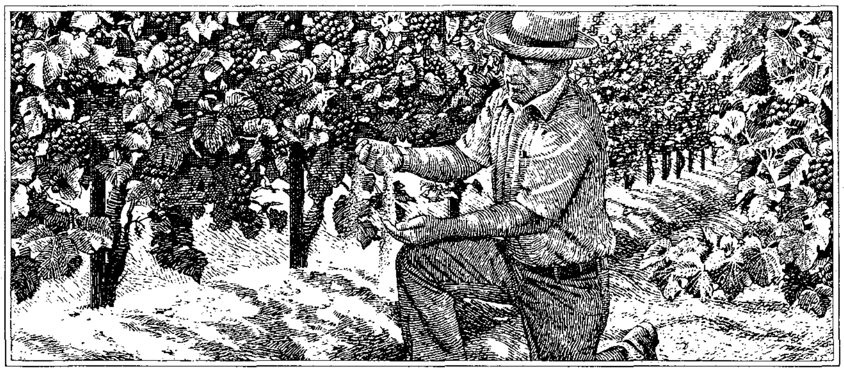

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.

Cultivating—which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil—might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect.

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for valuable nourishment and moisture in the soil.

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds—also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost during March, April, and early May.

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn, the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation, thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, both above the soil and just beneath its surface.

In the Gallo vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal simply because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control an obnoxious weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that go into our wines.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance the effectiveness of our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron—tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines: and stronger vines make better grapes.

Why We Do It All

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation—as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture—that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Which is, simply, to provide you with the finest wines we, or anyone else, can possibly produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

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LETTERS

High and Dry

As commissioner of water resources, I was especially interested in the "bright idea" on water ["Twenty Bright Ideas for the Next Blackout," by Elin Schoen, August 1]. For the sake of accuracy, I feel it necessary to elaborate.

Regardless of the loss of electrical power, standby equipment in water-treatment plants and pumping stations maintains the quality and pressure in the city's water-supply system. This pressure is sufficient to furnish service to one- and two-family homes and structures which do not exceed four to five stories. For tenants in high-rise buildings whose water-supply systems require internal pumping, the following actions should be followed in sequence:

1. When a blackout occurs, tenants should draw only enough water for their internal consumption. Be sure to refrigerate this water to maintain its quality. Hoarding deprives neighbors and the quality of the water becomes questionable after storage for long periods in such vessels as bathtubs, besides being an attractive nuisance for children.
2. If the blackout persists and the building's supply system fails, the best plan is to get additional water from neighbors' taps on the first four or five floors. Water furnished to these floors usually does not require pumping.

In the event that the above steps are inadequate, fire hydrants can serve as a source of water. But it is imperative that the hydrant be allowed to run for a minimum of five minutes to clear any possible sediment before water is drawn for domestic consumption. Hydrants utilized for this purpose should be opened to provide a flow no greater than that from a kitchen tap in order to maintain adequate pressure for fire protection in the area. Hydrants should only be used as a last resort.

Charles Samowitz
Commissioner, Department of
Water Resources, City of New York

Sounding Off

We launched our first boat, a twelve-foot Aqua Cat, at a small dock on Cross Street in the spring of 1969 ["The Landlubber's Guide to City Island," August 1]. With cans of Miller and Coke bobbing behind us on strings in the icy waters of the Sound we spent our quiet afternoons away from the city's heat and bustle. Thanks for bringing back such vivid memories of the city within the city and for verifying so many of the things we've told our disbelieving midwestern neighbors.

Myrna B. Herz and David A. Herz
East Grand Rapids, Mich.

Declaration of Dependence

I didn't cry with recognition when I read *The Feminine Mystique*. I don't know what the hell Gloria Steinem means when she says, "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle." But Colette Dowling ["Beyond Liberation: Confessions of a Dependent Woman," August 8] put a name to a very large lump in my solar plexus. It's worse when you are over 40.

Emilie Casparian
Pelham, N.Y.

Our culture is apparently incapable of appreciating and therefore developing women who are neither toys nor fake men. Ms. Dowling went from one inadequate solution to the problems of women (prolonged babyhood) to another ("Be a man!"). In neither case is she likely to arrive at an acceptance of herself as properly enjoying being female. That is, able to take guiltless pleasure in nurturing her husband and children, while at the same time accomplishing something of her own choosing. Comparing her way of working, her rate of accomplishment, her needs, with those of the man she lives with is again admiring a womanhood which is only fake manhood.

Why should these be her criteria? She has as completely bought a second batch of wooden nickels from the feminists as she bought the first batch from the "Daddy's little baby" school. Autonomy doesn't mean being what men are; it means acting upon as valid what one wants to be as a woman.

Edith Cameron Bjornson
Greenwich, Conn.

Colette Dowling sets up a false dichotomy. Either you live with a man in a state of blissful cushioned dependence or you go out on your own to do life's fulfilling work. Nowhere does she mention the possibility of two people living together, sharing the house jobs, and at the same time fulfilling themselves in meaningful and creative work.

Judith Heep
Doylestown, Pa.

I am in love with Colette Dowling.

M. Albert Mendez
Flushing, N.Y.

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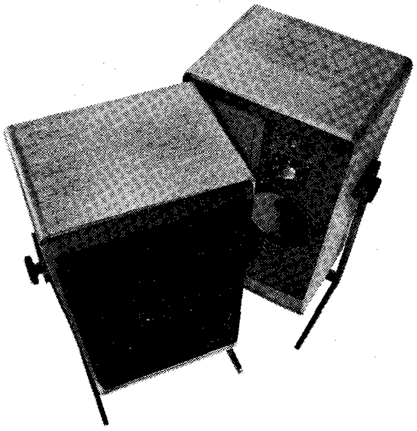

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Press Coverage: Inadequate?

Politicians are rarely satisfied with press coverage, and the mayoral candidates are no exception. Cuomo's strategists have been frustrated by the lack of press coverage. So they've decided to make it as easy as possible for New York's press corps. Their brilliant idea—Theme Day. It goes like this: An entire day's schedule revolves around just one theme, like "crime" or "family," making it possible for the reporters to catch up with the Cuomo campaign and still get the message of the day.

Bella Abzug's staff was not very happy last week with Channel 2's (WCBS-TV) coverage of Bella's major address on attracting more film and television production to the Big Apple. In fact, you could say WCBS missed the boat entirely at the press reception at Tavern-on-the-Green given by producer Robert Stigwood. A crew, but no reporter, was sent to the gathering, which attracted such celebs as Louise Lasser, Shirley MacLaine, and Otto Preminger. Stigwood spoke briefly and then Bella, in her usual windy way, gave a half-hour speech.

For those of us who attended, it clearly was Bella's night. Well, Channel 2's twenty-second coverage that evening showed Otto, Louise, and Shirley—but no Bella—on film, and although Stigwood was mentioned, there was not a word about Abzug in the voice-over. Now, WCBS says its info came from the UPI "Day Book," which noted the event but did not mention Bella. WCBS even called the P.R. flack handling the reception, and claims it was told it was not a political event. The P.R. firm says it gave WCBS all the facts. Aside from passing the buck, somebody goofed. The coverage simply did not accurately reflect the event.

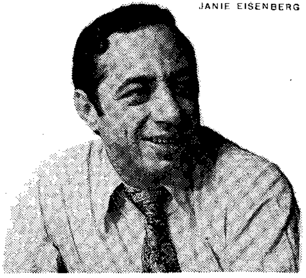
Mayor's Race: Financial Disclosures Reveal Big Bucks and Major Contributors

With one month to go in the primary campaign, it's financial-disclosure time this week, and we've taken a preliminary look at the big contributors. If you think running for mayor is anything other than a big business, take a look at the loans and contributions—so far:

Mario Cuomo	$750,000
Abe Beame	600,000
Bella Abzug	553,000
Ed Koch	515,000
Percy Sutton	320,000
Joel Harnett	100,000
Herman Badillo	Unavailable

When it's all over, the seven candidates for mayor will probably have spent over $4-million—that doesn't include the runoff or the general election. Here's how they stand:

JANIE EISENBERG



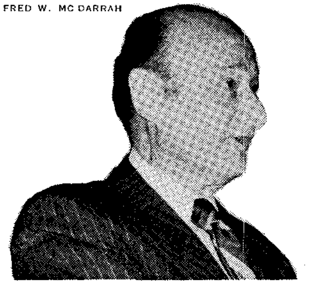
Cuomo: Money pouring in.

Cuomo started his campaign very late, but because of Governor Carey's and Howard Samuels's help he has been able to raise huge amounts of money. And in order to wage a winning campaign, he needed that money. To date he has raised nearly $750,000 and will probably reach $1 million. With that kind of money, it's hard to see a way for him to lose.

Edgar Bronfman (Seagram head)	$10,000
Frank Sinatra	3,000
Edward Downe Jr. (President, Downe Communications)	25,000
Bill Stern (Veep, Telstat Systems)	10,000
Penny Kaniclides (President, Telstat)	37,000 loan
Charles Dyson	25,000 loan
Gilbert Di Lucia (Restaurateur)	35,000 loan
Communications Workers of America	25,000

To date he has spent $264,000 on media and will most likely spend another $350,000.

FRED W. MC DARRAH



Koch: Inching forward.

Koch started his campaign early, raised a lot of early money, and, until Cuomo entered, looked like the sleeper in the race. Although his P.R. efforts have slowed up considerably over the last two months, he still inches forward.

Leon Hess (*Hess oil executive*)	$10,000
David Margolis (President, Colt Industries)	7,200
Andrew Steffan (Wall Street)	10,000 and 10,000 loan
Dorothy and Richard Rodgers	7,000

He has raised about $515,000 and has total media expenditures of $367,000. Some media money hasn't been spent yet, but has been turned over to Garth Associates.

BLACK STAR

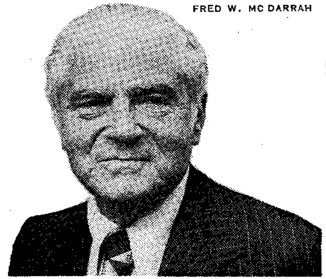
Abzug: Spending funds fast.

Abzug has the broadest base of financial support, with about 3,000 contributors. Cuomo has about 2,000 and Koch about 1,500. If not for longtime friends like Saul Rudes, Abzug would be in bad shape. She is going through her money as fast as she is raising it.

Saul Rudes (Realtor)	$20,000 loan
Rudes & Lax	6,000 loan
David Geffen	10,000
Norman Lear	5,000
Helen Reddy and Jeff Wald	10,100
Stewart Mott (Philanthropist)	35,000 loan from First Women's Bank
Peter Frankel (National Kinney Corp.)	5,000
Neil Walsh (Attorney)	10,000

Abzug has raised $553,000 but she's not doing well with big contributors, apparently because she's not making the necessary calls. To date, Abzug has had few media expenditures.

FRED W. MC DARRAH



Beame: It figures, no figures.

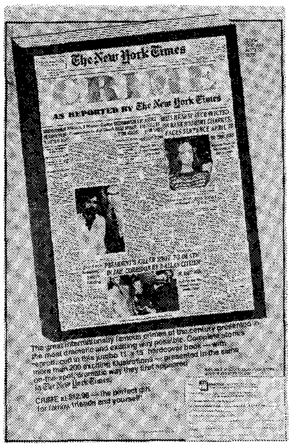
And, of course, Abe Beame will not disclose who his contributors are before the exact moment he is required to do so by law. However, we've learned the total funds raised are about $600,000.

After a very fast start, Percy Sutton's fund-raising has almost come to a halt. His campaign is still in the water and there is not much to hope for in the future.

Badillo started too late to be a real factor in the campaign. And he knows it.

Harnett can't raise the money necessary to run for mayor and get anywhere because he doesn't have a political constituency.

'Times' Ad: In Bad Taste



Times ad: Sensational.

A recent *Media Industry Newsletter* really tore into the New York *Times*—of all publications—for sensationalism and downright bad taste.

And we quote: "As 'Son of Sam's' latest victim, Stacy Moskowitz, died in her hospital room, the New York *Times* ran a house ad for its Arno Press $12.98 hardcover edition of the book—*Crime.* A mocked-up front page of the 'newspaper of record' with that famous slogan 'All the News That's Fit to Print' appeared on page 22. The ad copy promised: 'The great internationally famous crimes of the century presented in the most dramatic and exciting way possible . . . with 200 exciting illustrations—presented in the same on-the-spot dramatic way they first appeared in the New York *Times.*' Splashed across the front page in the ad were: 'Barrow and Woman Slain by Police . . . ,' 'Legs Diamond Slain in Sleep . . . ,' 'Manson, 3 Women Guilty,' 'Teen Ager Seized in Slaying of 10,' 'Lizzie Borden Acquitted,' 'President's Killer Shot to Death,' etc. Ugh! *MIN* has a suggestion to Mr. Sulzberger and Mr. Rosenthal: Why don't you send a complimentary copy of *Crime,* gift-wrapped, of course, to blinded Robert Violante, and of course to the grieving family of Stacy Moskowitz? It seems like the decent thing to do. Isn't the book, as the ad copy says: '—the perfect gift for family, friends . . .'?"

Big Brother

Jimmy Carter's sister Ruth Carter Stapleton has been in our midst in recent days and here's one story Ruth is telling that we'll bet will never appear in that long-awaited *New York Times Magazine* piece by Dotson Rader.

As Ruth tells it, she dropped in at Dotson's apartment in the Dakota the other morning without any notice, and within 30 minutes there was a phone call for her . . . from the White House.

Ruth picked up the receiver and after a moment said, in astonishment: "Why, Jimmeh, how'd you know where ah was?" The response, according to Ruth: "But Ruth, we know everything."

UPI

Stapleton: Surprised.

Political Roman à Clef Hits Home

A roman à clef coming out this week in the *Village Voice* is bound to be talked about. Labeled as fiction taken from Jeff Greenfield's upcoming novel, the story undoubtedly will prompt a guessing game about who the young politician really is. The story centers on young "Buddy Baum," who has been elected president of the City Council by spending "$2,450,000, most of it on media expenses."

Baum is described as afflicted with a disabling handicap—"terminal stupidity."

We cite key paragraphs:

"Buddy Baum was worth $85 million. Well, actually, Buddy Baum's father was worth $85 million, but it was the same thing, since Buddy Baum's father had as his only avocation, his only hobby, his only obsession, the political career of Buddy Baum.

"It was also considered bad form to even mention the fact that Buddy Baum was not the original name of the eager, earnest lad who never wore shoes with laces because of the added mental burden involved. At birth he was named Arnold Mandelbaum. It was Arnold's father, Murray Mandelbaum, who ordered a new name."

Baum mistook a memo for a prepared speech and declaimed to the state legislature, "My friends, we are requested not—I repeat, not—to bring food or drink into the legislative chamber. . . ."

Heeere's Frank

UPI

Sinatra: Still a star.

Frank Sinatra certainly seems to be keeping a high public profile these days. And we've learned that on November 14 he'll even be on TV—hosting the Johnny Carson show. It's a first.

Author Toffler, Random House Resolve Dispute

TOM VICTOR JILL KREMENTZ JILL KREMENTZ

Toffler, Epstein, Silberman: Editor change creates problems.

Alvin Toffler, author of the best-seller *Future Shock,* which has earned him about $1.3 million to date, is at work on a new book, titled *The Third Wave,* on the clash of two civilizations. But at the moment the only clashing has been between Toffler and Random House.

The two have been in court since June litigating an alleged breach of a 1971 contract for the new book. Random House had been seeking to restrain Toffler from offering *Third Wave* to other publishers, claiming it owned the book.

Toffler was under contract to do two other books, but did not turn them in on the due dates, and had decided to abandon both and begin on *Third Wave.*

Toffler's difficulties with Random House apparently stemmed from an inability to get along with his new editor, Jason Epstein, who had replaced Jim Silberman when he moved to Simon & Schuster. (Silberman was Toffler's editor on *Future Shock.*)

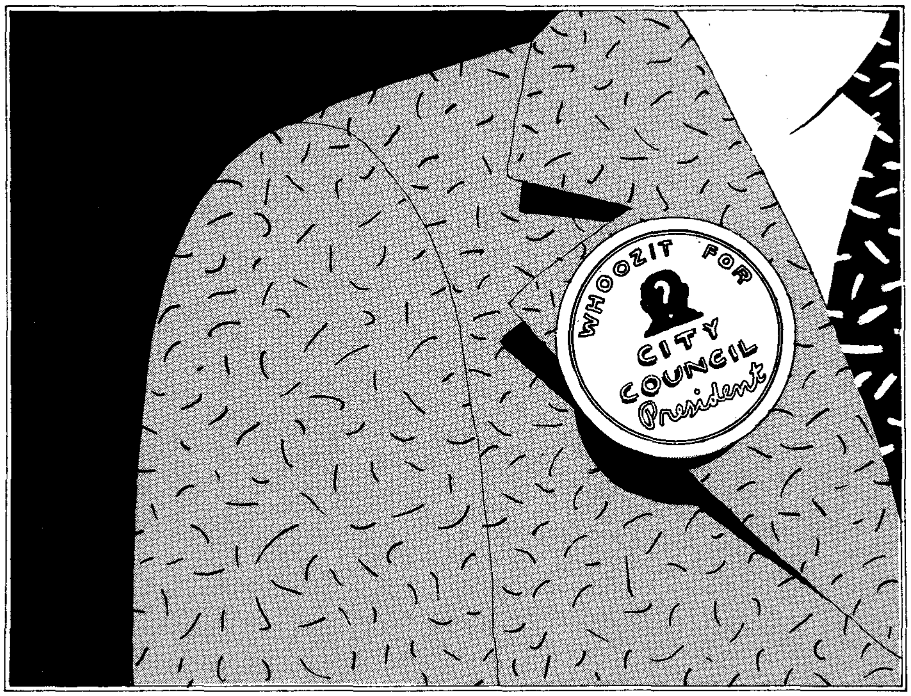
After a lengthy meeting with Epstein, the author told his agent, Martha Winston, that he found Jason "lively, obviously highly intelligent, and not at all unlikable." But Toffler added: "I believe his basic style is simply different from mine. . . . I would be delighted to have Jason as my dinner companion, but not as my editor."

Last April, when it became apparent that there was no rapport between Toffler and Epstein, Robert Bernstein, the president of Random House, took the unusual step of writing a letter to the *Future Shock* man saying, "I would like to serve personally as your editor-publisher."

Even that didn't work. But the two parties have just reached an out-of-court settlement. We hear it gives Random House first negotiating rights for the book for a limited period. **—John Kennedy**

The City Politic / Ken Lerer

COUNCIL PRESIDENT: WHAT'S-HER-NAME AGAINST WHOOZIT



Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

Name Game

City Council president. It's a great title. It sounds so impressive. But the truth is, it's not much of a job at all. The state charter revision commissioners once thought so little of the post that they seriously considered eliminating it and replacing it with a speaker of the council.

The president does control 4 of the 22 votes on the Board of Estimate. And the president is first in line to succeed the mayor. And the revision commission finally came around and gave the council's presiding officer jurisdiction over "citywide complaints"—as sort of an ombudsman. But that's it.

So why are five candidates vying for the Democratic nod on September 8 for this nothing job? Because the City Council president *could* be so damn conspicuous—particularly if we're stuck with four more years of bumbling Abe Beame. A strong, creative personality could transform the post into a launching pad for higher office. You've heard of Jerry Brown? When he became California's secretary of state, that was a do-nothing job. When he left, he was governor. Now you understand.

Five others who understand the soapbox potential of the City Council presidency are running in the Democratic primary. One will win and, almost certainly, take the general election. Each of them has a different thing going for him. Incumbent Paul O'Dwyer has a name identified with almost every rad-lib cause over the past 40 years. Councilman Carter Burden has his family's Vanderbilt money. State Senator Carol Bellamy has her brains—and her gender. State Assemblyman Leonard Stavisky, who was a member of that revision commission, has his inestimable ego. And Abe Hirschfeld . . . well, he's a builder.

Some notes for September 8, primary day:

☐ Seated behind his large oak desk, in his spacious corner office in City Hall, with royal-green carpeting, crystal chandelier, and baroque molded ceiling, is Paul O'Dwyer. Flanked by some 40 labor leaders, the 70-year-old council president is announcing his intention to run for public office once again. "I intend to run and run hard on my record."

O'Dwyer's record is the issue in the campaign, not that everyone wants it to be. An O'Dwyer staff member remarks, wistfully, "I wish the issue in this campaign was who was more decent, honest, and compassionate." All of O'Dwyer's opponents echo each other: Paul is decent, he is honest, he is compassionate, but he has been a lackluster, unimaginative, and disappointing council president.

That's hard to say, somehow, because O'Dwyer has symbolized hard-fought liberal battles for generations of New Yorkers—from the Spanish Civil War to that in Vietnam. Throughout the years, he has been a superlative public official. But New York's myriad problems have passed him by.

Nevertheless, his campaign strategists—hoping for $250,000, probably most of it from labor unions—think they can turn the old man's high name recognition into votes just one more time. And because O'Dwyer is so well known and is running against unknowns, he is by far the clear primary front-runner. But whether O'Dwyer can survive a one-on-one runoff campaign is the big question.

☐ Carter Burden, unlike Little Orphan Annie, has not lived the "hard-knock life." He was born into the Vanderbilt family, was educated at Harvard and Columbia, and was assistant to Robert Kennedy. Smart, rich, and good-looking. Even his shirt sleeves seem to be rolled up just enough to fit a "best and brightest" image.

But for Burden, his very Brahmin qualities have drawn the sharpest attacks. His many critics label him a "social butterfly" and a "goof-off." And at times in his career, he has been a lackadaisical public official, as, for instance, his disgraceful attendance record at the City Council in 1975 and 1976 indicates.

Finally aware that he's about to choke on the silver spoon in his mouth, Burden's tried to clean up his act over the last year and a half. One City Council colleague says, "When Carter applies himself, he is as talented as the most talented city councilman." The key word is "when."

What makes him the toughest opponent for the clear primary front-runner, Paul O'Dwyer, is money. That is, Burden—like Andy Stein in the borough president's contest—will spend more in his race than all his opponents combined (not including Hirschfeld).

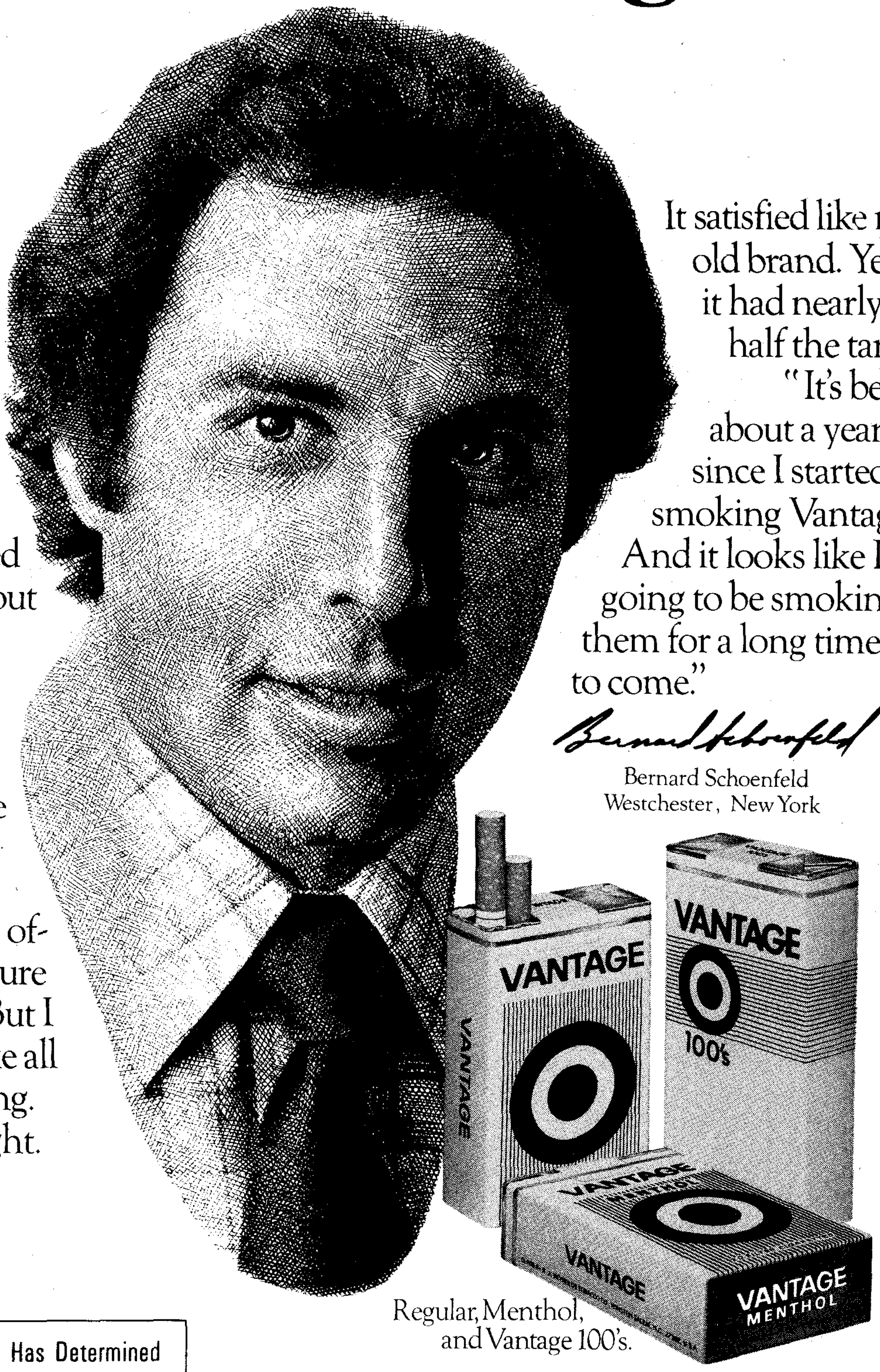
So far, he has raised $420,000 and may top $500,000. Of that, $170,000 has come from him or his family. He has already outspent Paul O'Dwyer and Carol Bellamy on media by $225,000 to $11,000.

New York City could do worse.

Ken Lerer is a Manhattan-based free-lance writer who covers politics.

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"Vantage is solving a lot of my problems about smoking."



"You see, I really enjoy smoking. To me, it's a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.

"Of course, I used to kid myself a lot about giving up the taste of my old high-tar cigarette for one of those new low-tar brands. But every one I tried left my taste unsatisfied.

"Then someone offered me a Vantage. Sure I'd read about them. But I thought they were like all the others. I was wrong.

"Vantage was right. It satisfied like my old brand. Yet it had nearly half the tar.

"It's been about a year since I started smoking Vantage. And it looks like I'm going to be smoking them for a long time to come."

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York

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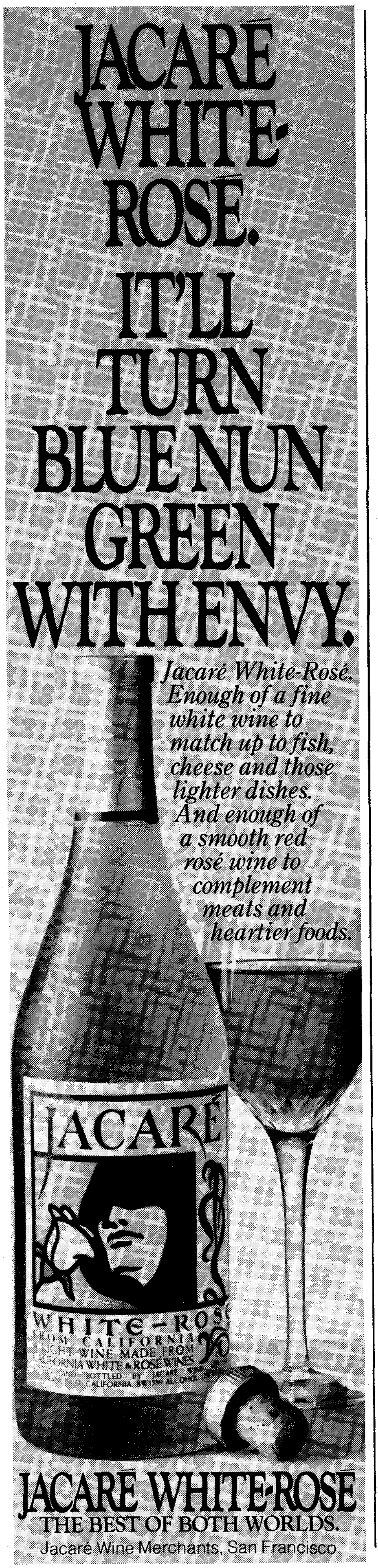
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☐ The three-term state senator from Brooklyn, Carol Bellamy has no special-interest money and no personal fortune—and that's her greatest problem. To date, the former Peace Corps volunteer has raised only $86,000, hardly enough to run an effective campaign.

Bellamy admits, "It's an uphill battle." Part of her campaign strategy is to be an alternative to Bella Abzug. "If people don't want to vote for Abzug," says campaign manager Jack Body, "they can still vote for a woman by voting for Carol." At the same time, he is hoping that the hard-core Abzug supporter will vote for Bellamy's progressivism. That's a lot to hope for.

Thoughtful, deliberate, Bellamy is the hardest worker of the field. As chairperson of the state senate Democratic task force on the city, she has become something of an expert on urban issues. Many think she is also the smartest candidate, but brains frequently come in second in political campaigns.

She will be competing with Burden for the liberal vote in the city. But because he will outspend her five to one, Bellamy has a long way to go.

Never discount a woman when she's running against four men.

☐ If you don't recognize the name Leonard Stavisky, you're not alone. So far, few people know who he is. Poor Leonard.

Ironically, Stavisky was a member of the charter commission that considered abolishing the office he's now running for. No matter. With his characteristic modesty, he says, "I am running because I have greater experience than everyone else combined."

Stavisky has some support in his home borough of Queens, but that's about it.

☐ In last year's Democratic primary for U.S. Senate, Ramsey Clark's campaign wanted help from the Kennedy family. A call was placed to Kennedy in-law Steve Smith. "Would the Kennedy clan help Clark?" After many weeks of waiting and no response, Smith finally called back. We can't help Clark, said Smith, we can't go against Abe Hirschfeld (Hirschfeld was then running against Clark for U.S. Senate). Abe had contributed a lot of money to Kennedys over the years and they couldn't go against him.

Money has bought Abe Hirschfeld a lot of powerful friends. For him, "money sets the world in motion." And Abe's cash will take votes away from Paul O'Dwyer in the outer boroughs.

Construction tycoon Hirschfeld is a good builder. He should stay a builder.

At candidates' night at the Co-op City New Democratic Club, right before the candidates were to speak, a club member summed up this campaign. "I've been an old supporter of Paul's." Pause. "I've been a friend of Paul's." A more thoughtful pause. "But I don't think he did much this year." Then very quickly, almost embarrassed for what she was about to say. "Don't use my name in your story. I don't want Paul's people to know that I'm not voting for him. I have to decide between Carter Burden and that lady. What's her name? I forgot her name."

Their Town

Now that Carter Burden is moving on up, his Upper East Side council seat is up for grabs. And *Our Town,* a weekly newspaper whose circulation blankets virtually all of Carter's council seat, is doing a little too much grabbing.

The apartment-house throwaway, owned, published, and edited by Edward and Arlene Kayatt, is selling Mrs. K. against Jane Trichter, a former aide to Assemblyman Mark Segal, for Carter's council seat. The Kayatts have run two of Trichter's press releases, but the rag otherwise reads like a piece of campaign literature for Mrs. K., replete with bargain-priced Kayatt campaign ads. (Trichter would have to pay full freight for the same blitz.)

Mrs. Kayatt is remarkably blasé about it all. "A newspaper has no obligation to be fair," was her comment. Arlene should fit right in at City Hall.

Socialist Sway

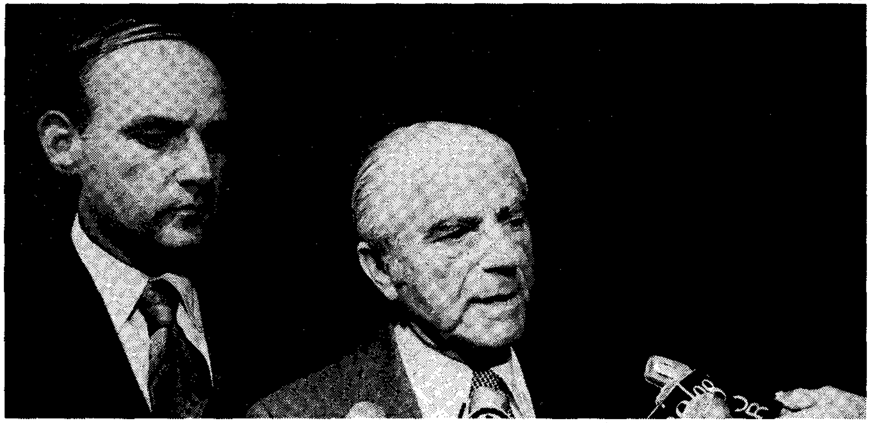
If you think democratic socialism died with Norman Thomas and Eugene Debs, you'd better take another look.

Members of Michael Harrington's Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee (DSOC), New York chapter, are everywhere this campaign season. State Assemblymen Seymour Posner of the Bronx and Jerry Nadler of Manhattan are DSOC members. So are Manhattan borough president candidates David Dinkins (now city clerk) and Ronnie Eldridge. Also Manhattan Councilman Henry Berger and his primary opponent, Ruth Messinger.

Add in Victor Gotbaum, the powerful district director of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, journalists Gloria Steinem and Jack Newfield, and Paul DuBrul, issues director of Bella Abzug's campaign. In fact, Bella will walk away with most of the DSOC support this fall. "She is speaking to the issues that we want to see," says New York chairman Jim Devor. "We want to extend democracy to the economic sphere as well as the political sphere." ■

The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

AN SEC ROASTING: BEAME AND GOLDIN


DAILY NEWS

Goldin (left) and Beame: *Their actions in the financial crisis will be questioned.*

More Looting?

Mayor Abe Beame and New York City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin are soon going to be a couple of unhappy fellas. Financial sources tell me both will likely be roasted in the Securities and Exchange Commission's long-awaited report on its investigation into the sale of several billion dollars' worth of city securities during 1974 and early 1975. The first part of the SEC report—which will summarize the facts developed in the agency's twenty-month-old investigation—should be out before the end of August, I'm told.

The SEC has been focusing on whether some city officials and leading banks (and possibly some underwriters) kept mum about the city's financial ills prior to the sale of city securities to unsuspecting institutional and public investors. The agency's conclusion: They most definitely did!

While the first part of the report will set forth only the facts and avoid specific condemnation of anyone, sources tell me its revelations will reflect very critically on both Beame and Goldin. The report, I hear, will strongly suggest that both Beame and Goldin were well aware of the city's financial plight when they gave their blessings to the sale of hundreds of millions of dollars of municipal securities. Documenting this conclusion, I'm told, will be facts brought out in reports, memos, and meetings which covered the city's mounting short-term debt obligations, future tax revenues, budgetary plans, and spiraling operating costs.

Goldin has long argued that he was among the very first to point up the city's growing financial problems. Maybe so, but one source close to the investigation told me: "Crying wolf doesn't excuse apparent gross neglect or incompetence."

An obvious question is whether the release of the SEC report before the September 8 mayoralty primary will mortally wound Beame—in terms of blunting his hopes for a victory or a runoff spot in the primary. The answer may well be decided by the anti-Beame forces in the press. Chances are they'll repeatedly and critically play up Beame's inadequacy in the financial arena, financial mismanagement, and the substantial deterioration of the city's financial viability during his administration—all implied in the SEC report. Thus the report will surely hurt him.

I understand several prominent banks will also be taken to task in the SEC report. Here again, the SEC will reportedly allege they sold city securities with prior knowledge of the deteriorating ability of the city to meet its debt obligations. Whether this will trigger any additional investor suits remains to be seen. Already several actions have been filed against such banks as Morgan Guaranty Trust, Citibank, Chemical Bank, Bank of America, Chase Manhattan, and Manufacturers Hanover Trust, plus some underwriting firms like Salomon Brothers and Merrill Lynch.

Some suggestions have been made by a number of New Yorkers, including mayoral candidate Joel Harnett, that the SEC report may be delayed beyond the September 8 primary date in a political move to protect the Beame administration. Not so. An SEC staff of nearly 40, including key Chicago, Washington, and New York personnel, is working round the clock to get the report out quickly.

As one source explained it: "The report will demonstrate that the commission is never—and I mean never—motivated by politics. . . ." However, there's still the unanswered question of how the SEC's hierarchy will respond to its staff report. More specifically, will it water down the findings of its young turks?

Pep Talk

If the stock market is driving you up the wall, it's no wonder. During the last ten months, the Dow Jones industrials—reflecting fears of higher inflation and growing worries about the vigor of the 1978 economy—have tumbled a wicked 14 percent. Well, here's a note to brighten your day. One investment powerhouse with a better than average record, the Bank of New York, thinks the pessimism has been so overdone that it is beginning to commit some of its top-heavy cash reserves, of $5 billion, to equities.

"We're not going wild, but we think we can make a good case for a rally... which could start anytime now," says Samson Wang, the bank's 33-year-old senior vice-president and investment-research chief.

At the end of the June quarter, the bank was sitting with an abnormally high 20 percent cash position in its discretionary pension-fund accounts—up from 15 percent in the first quarter. But in the last two weeks, these reserves have been shaved to 18 percent. And Wang tells me: "I can see us going down to 15 percent again, perhaps lower, because we've become a bit more bullish on the short run."

Wang's case for a rally goes like this: It should be triggered by slowing inflation in the second half, sharply rising corporate profits, and the probability that the market is simply bound to rally after such a sharp decline. On the earnings front, Wang says operating income (adjusted for inventory profits), which was down in the first quarter and up about 3 percent in the second quarter, should show about a 4 percent rise in the current quarter and then

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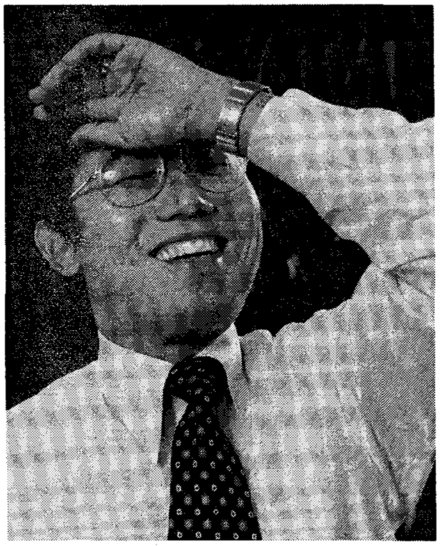


Wang: *Making a case for a market rally.*

leap ahead with double-digit increases in the fourth quarter and the first six months of 1978. And, of course, plenty of institutional buying power has been built up to keep the rally going.

"I'd guess we're about to head into a rebound that could take the DJI to the 950–975 range," Wang says. At press time, the DJI was around 885.

When you think about it, the rally Wang's talking about—roughly 8 percent—is no big deal. And a 15 percent cash position is still pretty darn high. Wang agrees. "As I said before, we're not going wild because we're not sure which way inflation's going." Some economists are projecting inflation of 4 to 6 percent (which would be bullish for the stock market); others, 6 to 8 percent (which is bearish). The dilemma, Wang says, is that "the logic is good on both sides, but the evidence isn't clear. And until you get a comfortable handle on the number, you can't be too rambunctious in the market."

Nevertheless, the bank is giving more than lip service to its rosier view of the market's near-term outlook. Aside from committing some reserves, it recently fattened its buy list from 30 to 39 stocks. Two thirds of the additions are drug issues—Eli Lilly, Schering-Plough, Squibb, Upjohn, Warner-Lambert, and Syntex. It's the first time in two years drug stocks have made the bank's buy list. The other three are Stauffer Chemical, NCR, and Disney.

"We think the problems people are scared about in the health-care field are discounted in the low price-earnings multiples of the stocks," says Wang. The problems he's referring to include slowing earnings growth, the negative impact of a national health-care program, unfavorable currency swings, and a tougher regulatory environment. "These stocks used to sell at 30 and 40 times earnings," says Wang. "But now they're selling at around ten times next year's estimated earnings with probable growth rates of 8 to 12 percent a year over the next three to five years. We may be early, but we think there's real value here."

Oil-drilling companies—specifically J. R. McDermott, Halliburton, and Dresser Industries—are another strong Bank of New York favorite. "Very few industries will show the consistent kind of growth these companies will enjoy over the next three to five years," Wang says.

Other securities the bank thinks are especially ripe for purchase include MCA, Knight-Ridder Newspapers, IBM, General Electric, CBS, J. P. Morgan, and Manufacturers Hanover.

On the sell side, the bank is unloading auto and housing-related issues, such as General Motors, Ford, and Owens-Corning Fiberglas, on expectations consumer durables sales will slow down in 1978. The bank is also selling the international oils, namely Exxon, Mobil Oil, and Standard Oil of California, because it expects international oil earnings to decline about 4 percent next year. He also thinks international oils will suffer from growing fears of greater government controls and adverse publicity during the energy-bill hearings.

"We're also telling people to take profits in Atlantic Richfield and Standard Oil of Ohio [big Alaskan oil plays] because we think their multiples are too rich," Wang says. The bank is likewise selling Honeywell (a current market favorite) because of its deep concerns about the longer term prospects of its computer operation.

Though the Bank of New York is hardly the last word on investments, its views are certainly worth airing. For one thing, 270 banks around the country think enough of its research to buy it. And in recent years, it has run ahead of the competition. For example, from 1971 through 1976, its co-mingled equity fund has averaged an annual return of 6.9 percent, nearly double the 3.9 percent yearly gain registered by the rest of the country's co-mingled bank-equity funds. It even topped Standard & Poor's 500-stock index, which had a 6.4 percent annual return. Thus far in 1977, though, it's lagging the market with a 5.6 percent drop in the first six months (versus a 4.5 percent loss for the S&P index).

Still confused? You're not alone. As a perplexed Wang put it when I asked him when he thought the DJI would decisively break out of its 900–1,000 trading rut: "I wish I knew." ■

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

August 16 through 23

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, August 19

The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training–William Devane stars in the second in the series; directed by Michael Pressman, written by Paul Brickman. Forum, 86th St East, Trans-Lux East, Loew's 83rd St.

THE MOVIES

And Now My Love–Claude Lelouch is a filmmaker with a clever technique and grandiose ideas that fall flat. In this film the latter are even more in evidence than the former — even to summarize the plot would take a page or two — and we get the history of cinema, World War II and the Jewish question, the future of the world, a round-the-world travelogue, existential philosophy, and much, much more building up to but a boy-meets-girl finale. For fake profundities, unsurpassable. Nice acting by Charles Denner and Marthe Keller. 8/17,18, Bleecker St. Cinema.

Bang the Drum Slowly–John Hancock's superbly done film about friendship and commitment and life and death and baseball. 8/19,20, Cinema Village.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. Paris.

A Bridge Too Far–Richard Attenborough's film about an attack on the Dutch Rhine bridges in W W II never makes the subject clear. We don't get to fathom and follow who is doing what to whom, or exactly where and when. And however good it may be for your box office to stud your cast with 24-karat stars, it militates heavily against basic believability. This is an all-star martial disaster, and almost an insult to the dead, the survivors, and the truth. Loews Triplex; thru 8/18, Forum.

Chac–Directed by Chilean filmmaker Rolando Klein, this Mayan tale of ritual and magical power depicts the struggle for power between the chief of a village, who favors the "magic" of modern science, and a mysterious diviner summoned from his hermitage by the village elders in the hope that his knowledge can influence Chac, the rain god, to create a torrential rainfall. New Yorker.

Chloe in the Afternoon–The last French director Eric Rohmer's *Six Moral Tales (My Night at Maud's, Claire's Knee,* etc.), aglow with the ambiance of the Parisian workaday world, is an appealing, engrossing and finely acted story of a cool young businessman, devoted to wife and child, who is attracted by a cool, calculating manipulator of men. 8/17, St. Mark's Cinema.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Thru 8/16, D.W. Griffith, Gramercy; from 8/17, Olympia; St. Mark's Cinema.

Cria–The best of Carlos Saura's latest three films, in all of which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told, and both have, along with sensitive faces and suggestions of ample inwardness, a limited acting style that borders on monotony. Cinema III; from 8/17, Embassy 72nd.

The Deep–Based on Peter Benchley's follow-up to Jaws, this film advances the cause of underwater cinematography almost as prodigiously as it retards the cause of filmmaking. None of the plot holds water half as well as the brain of the scenarists. There is indeed an eerie beauty about the world of the deep, but for this sort of thing one still prefers Captain Cousteau at the helm. Victoria.

The First Nudie Musical–Cindy Williams and Stephan Nathan co-star in a story about a young producer who has decided to make a quickie porno flicker in order to save his ailing studio. 68th St Playhouse.

La Grande Bourgeoise–Directed by Mauro Bolognini, and starring Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey, and Giancarlo Giannini, this is the sort of film that leaves a bad taste in the soul. The script is poor and based on a scandal that lit Bologna at the turn of the century which dealt with the destruction of the Socialists by the Christian Conservatives. The horrendous cinematography of Ennio Guarnier, while making too few demands on the mind, strains our eyes beyond endurance. Beekman; thru 8/16, Paramount.

In the Realm of the Senses–Oshima's "art film" about sexual obsession suffers from the facts that Oshima is not very strong on art, less than secure with film, and wholly unconvincing about sex. The film does not even work as pornography, only as something weird and unwholesome, on the border between the repellent and the ridiculous. Plaza; from 8/17, Art.

Elvis the Pelvis

Elvis Presley in a scene from Richard Thorpe's *Jailhouse Rock* (1957). This picture shares the bill with Denis Sanders's documentary, *Elvis: That's the Way It Is* (1970). At the Regency Theater (Broadway & 67th Street) on August 23 & 24.

Jaws–For pure adventure, thrills, technical effects, genuinely scary moments (and never mind the logic), this is all you could ask for. Some juicy performances, and slickly resourceful direction from young Steven Spielberg. He is not good on land, where things tend to go soft or stagy; but on or in the water things work swimmingly. RKO Cinerama; thru 8/16, Olympia.

The Kentucky Fried Movie–A film directed by John Landis that spoofs 50's TV shows, disaster movies, sexploitation flicks, commercials and martial arts films. Eastside.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste,* either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. Sutton.

The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane–Jodie Foster stars as a cool, calculating, highly imaginative young lady, whose abnormal lifestyle has aroused the curiosity of the townspeople. With Martin Sheen, Alexis Smith, Scott Jacoby, and Mort Shuman. Directed by Nicholas Gessner. Thru 8/16, Cinerama I; Quad.

MacArthur–Gregory Peck plays the controversial figure in Joseph Sargent's film, with Marj Dusay as his wife, Ward Costello as General Marshall, Ed Flanders as President Truman, and Dan O'Herlihy as President Roosevelt. Radio City Music Hall.

M*A*S*H–Elliot Gould and Donald Sutherland give smashing performances in a hip service (Mobile Army Surgical Hospital) comedy, one of the blackiest, bloodiest and funniest ever. 8/19,20, Thalia.

New York, New York–A thoroughgoing disaster for all the people involved with it, from which they will have to be dug out like the remnants of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is hard to say whether the acting of DeNiro and Minnelli or the direction by Martin Scorsese or the script by writers whose names do not deserve mention should take top dishonors. The original songs by Kander and Ebb are also strong contenders. Ziegfeld; thru 8/18, Trans-Lux E; Quad.

Orca–Charlotte Rampling and Richard Harris star in a film about a killer whale which relentlessly tracks down the slayer of his mate on sea and, believe it or not, on land. For nasty snickers, this movie is as good a dog as any in these dog days. There is some fine underwater work under second-unit directors Folco Quilici and Ron Taylor, and good photography by Ted Moore and J. Barry Heron. thru 8/18, Embassy 46th, 86 St East.

The Other Side of Midnight–What the producer Frank Yablans is selling here is luxury and voluptuousness, fancy sex in sumptuous settings. The story is of unleashed passions—of a French girl turned model-movie star with a little whoring in between, and the dashing and debonair American flying ace who knocks her up and leaves her. All this against a turbulent background of the German occupation and postwar prosperity. Coronet; National.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Cinema II.

Pardon Mon Affaire–An endearing little French comedy with serious overtones. It's about friendship and marriage, trust and its abuses, intrigues and their tragicomic consequences. The movie manages to be both madcap and firmly rooted in human experience. Baronet.

Sandakan 8–Kei Kumai's film based on a true story about young women sold into prostitution in the colonies by their families in the early part of the 20th century. Fine Arts.

Satan's Brew–Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film, both written and directed by him, is his first comedy and tells of a so-called revolutionary poet who has not written a line in two years and will do anything to get money or inspiration to continue his work. Waverly.

The Seduction of Mimi–Lina Wertmuller, one of the best younger directors today, in close to top form. The mix, as usual, is politics and sex, comedy and drama. Although severely cut for the American market, this is still a funny, gripping film, dashingly directed, and with some ideas in its head. 8/23, Cinema Village.

Small Change–Francois Truffaut's film is small potatoes, a totally unstructured agglomeration of episodes, some charming, some ordinary, some tired and rather tiresome. It all leads up to nothing more than a lengthy tirade or homily by a sympathetic teacher who lectures his pupils about the need for comprehension and above. 8/19,20, Bleecker St. Cinema.

The Spy Who Loved Me–The latest James Bond film, starring Roger Moore, is the first that is not based on an Ian Fleming novel. Things start out skiingly in the pretitle sequence and end swimmingly. In between, there is every other kind of sport, from sex with a gorgeous Soviet spy to blowing up a couple of atomic submarines set to blow up New York and Moscow. So if you don't believe any of it, have a damned good time, and smile from ear to ear. Loews State I; Loews Cine; Columbia I.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

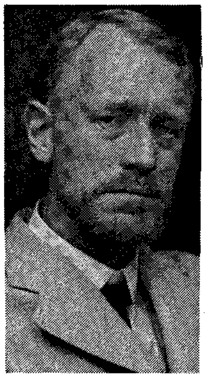
Stroszek–Werner Herzog's film about a simple gentle man who is released from prison and returned to a world which he confronts with bewilderment. He and two other misfits arrive in the United States and before long, the mechanics of American capitalism catch up with them. Cinema Studio.

Suspiria–Directed by Dario Argento, the film uses satanism and witchcraft to explore the transgressions of the soul and body. With Jessica Harper and Stefania Casini. Criterion; thru 8/18, 86th St E

Swept Away by a Very Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August–Arrogant capitalist mistress and maltreated manservant are shipwrecked alone together on a desert island. Now he becomes the provider, patriarch, and despot, and she the slave and mistress who ends up loving it—until the roles are reversed again. An old, schematic plot serves the highly talented filmmaker Lina Wertmuller very well for her witty yet earnest, outrageous-seeming yet penetrating and often gripping film. Well acted, prettily photographed, and, above all, intelligently written and directed. Not without flaws, but provocative and rewarding. 8/23 Cinema Village.

Taxi Driver–Another undisciplined film by Martin Scorsese, this time about a maladjusted loner who drives a taxi by night and gets crazier by the day. The film tries to be too many things, a study in psychopathology, a documentary about hacking, a political parable, two separate aborted love stories, a love and hate letter to New York City, and manages to flub most of them if not all. Insecure direction, but mostly good performances, particularly by Robert De Niro and Jodie Foster. And one dreadful one by Cybill Shepherd. Also pretentious cinematography and a bombastic score. Some good atmosphere, but even that is overdone. 8/19, 20, Cinema Village.

DESERT DIGGINGS



Max von Sydow stars in **March or Die** as a French archeologist who leads a 1918 expedition into the Moroccan Sahara desert under the protection of a French Foreign Legion detachment, commanded by Gene Hackman. The expedition incites the wrath of religious fanatic tribes. Directed by Dick Richards, and co-starring Catherine Deneuve and Terence Hill. 34th St E; Loews Tower East; Loews State II.

The Virgin and the Gypsy–From a posthumous D.H. Lawrence novella the makers have created a remarkable and engrossing film beautifully capturing its 1920's period and people. The superb cast is headed by Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero. 8/20, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

We All Loved Each Other So Much–Ettore Scola's fuzzy, untidy affair, with a script by Age and Scarpelli, who seem to be responsible for (or should I say guilty of?) half of Italy's screenplays, and tell of three World War II buddies who all loved the same girl at various times and sometimes simultaneously. Film is founded on a major lie, the assumption that three close friends can lose track of one another for years in Rome, which as everyone knows, is a village. Thru 8/16, Embassy 72nd.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

A CHORUS LINE

The Sensual Man, starring Giancarlo *(Seven Beauties, Swept Away)* Giannini, directed by Marco Vicario, tells of a young man who loses himself in research of sensuous pleasure. He decides to go to Rome in order to mature (above is a street in Rome where he searches for maturity). Rossana Podesta is the romantic female lead. Little Carnegie.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 8/16, *Annie Hall; Take the Money and Run.* From 8/17, *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 8/16, *Staircase; The Queen.* 8/17,18, *Happy New Year; And Now, My Love.* 8/19,20, *Small Change; Bed And Board.* 8/21,22, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes; The Hound of the Baskervilles.* 8/23, *Devil's Cleavage; Lonesome Cowboys.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/16, *Witness for the Prosecution; Some Like it Hot.* 8/17, *Psycho; Diabolique.* 8/18, *Why Worry; Steamboat Bill, Jr.* 8/19, *To Have and Have Not; The Treasure of Sierra Madre.* 8/20, *Women in Love; The Virgin and the Gypsy.* 8/21, *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman; The Private Affairs of Bel Ami.* 8/22, *A Woman is a Woman; Weekend.* 8/23, *The Apartment; One, Two, Three.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Cria.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Stroszek.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 8/16, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington; His Girl Friday.* 8/17,18, *Pumping Iron; Fortune and Men's Eyes.* 8/19,20, *Taxi Driver; Bang the Drum Slowly.* 8/21,22, *Casablanca; The Maltese Falcon.* 8/23, *Swept Away; The Seduction of Mimi.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Suspiria.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 8/16, Cousine; from 8/17, *Between the Lines.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Kentucky Fried Movie.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 8/16, *Greased Lightning.* From 8/17, *Fantastic Animation Festival.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). Thru 8/18, *Suspiria; Orca.* From 8/19, *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2490). Thru 8/18, *Orca.* From 8/19, *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 8/16, *We All Loved Each Other So Much;* from 8/17, *Cria.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Sandakan 8.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). Thru 8/18, *A Bridge Too Far;* from 8/19, *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 8/16, *Cousin, Cousine;* from 8/17, *3 Women.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 8/18, *For the Love of Benji.* From 8/19, *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123).*The Sensual Man.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The Spy Who Loved Me.* II. *March or Die.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 8/16, *March or Die;* from 8/17, *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *The Aristocats; The Littlest Horse Theives.* II. *A Bridge Too Far.* III. *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Chac.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 8/16, *Jaws; Swashbuckler.* From 8/17, *Cousin, Cousine; Obsession.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). Thru 8/16,*La Grande Bourgeoise.* From 8/17, *Fantastic Animation Festival.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 8/16, *Sorcerer.* 8/17-23, *Annie Hall.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *New York, New York.* II. Thru 8/16, *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* From 8/17, *The Aristocats; The Littlest Horse Theives.* III. *Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane.* IV. *Kentucky Fried Movie.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *MacArthur.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 8/16, *Dinner at Eight; Blonde Bombshell.* 8/17-20, *North by Northwest; The Thin Man.* 8/21-22, *The Women; Pat & Mike.* 8/23,24, *Jailhouse Rock; Elvis: That's the Way It Is.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). Thru 8/17, *Daughter of Deceit.* 8/18-24, *The Illusion Travels By Streetcar.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 8/16, *Tentacles;* from 8/17, to be announced. II. Thru 8/16, *The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane; House by the Lake.* From 8/17, *Ruby.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 8/16, *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* From 8/17, *The Aristocats; The Littlest Horse Theives.* II. Thru 8/16, *The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane.* From 8/17, *Ruby.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 8/16, *Three Women; M*A*S*H.* From 8/17, *Cousin, Cousine; Chloe in the Afternoon.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 8/16, *Annie Hall;* from 8/17, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The First Nudie Musical.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 8/16, *An Evening with the Royal Ballet; Specter of the Rose.* 8/17,18, *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang; White Heat.* 8/19,20, *M*A*S*H; California Split.* 8/21-23, *Forty-Second Street; Moulin Rouge.*

Theatre St. Marks–80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/16, *North Star; A Farewell to Arms.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 8/18, *March or Die;* from 8/19, *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 8/18, *New York, New York;* from 8/19, *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Annie Hall.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 8/16, *Greased Lightning;* from 8/17, *Fantastic Animation Festival.*

Victoria, Bdway & 46th (354-5636). *The Deep.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Satan's Brew.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54 (765-7600). *New York, New York.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, August 16

Hair–The first revival of Tom O'Horgan's production of the Gerome Ragni-James Rado 1968 tribal love-rock musical. Tuesday thru Saturday at 8; Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Previewing now prior to a 9/14 opening. Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

CURRENT

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers*, but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Between the Lines–Joan Micklin Silver's film, about the takeover of a Boston underground weekly by an establishment newspaper tycoon, is meant to be a tale of deradicalization; how a group of idealistic, journalistic kids decline into indifference. But, like *Hester Street* (her first film), it lacks a point of view. We feel neither a sense of loss for nor do we laugh at these kids: only the casting (John Heard and Jill Eikenberry) is excellent. From 8/17, D.W. Griffith.

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the stars. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

Chicago–Lust and chicanery in the Windy City, circa 1925, with book (Bob Fosse and Fred Ebb) from the same play (Maurine Watkins's *Chicago)* that inspired the fabulous movie *Roxie Hart*. John Kander's best songs are little more than neat ripoffs from twenties' razzmatazz, but Bob Fosse's virtuoso staging makes them look better than they sound. The show has been around for a while, however, and some of Fosse's stage gadgetry has begun to creak, but Jerry Orbach's work as a slick lawyer is wondrous to behold. Thru 8/27. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed, Sat & Sun mat at 2 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The Importance of Being Earnest–There have been better productions of this flawless jewel of a play: a more resonant Bracknell than Elizabeth Wilson, a less twitchy Cecily than Kathleen Widdoes, more stylish sets than Zack Brown's (which are festooned with *white plastic* flower pots!). But Stephen Porter has given Wilde's comedy an intelligent staging, and there is the Gwendolen of Patricia Conolly, deserving inclusion among the authentic Wonders of the World. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3, through 8/28. Circle in the Square, 50th St W of Bdway (581-0720).

The King and I–Fuzzy, slovenly revival of a show that isn't as good as it used to be, and probably never was. Yul Brynner is the star, but he has aged since 1951 and it shows; surrounding him is a cast of nobody in particular, including Constance Towers as a dull Anna and some children who merely make faces. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Next week, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Mat Wed at 2 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. Dick Cavett has taken over the lead. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Now that it is being performed (by Hope Lange and Don Murray) more for jokes than for wit, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Side by Side by Sondheim–Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and Larry Kert sing to remind us of the words-and-music genius of Stephen Sondheim. Their contribution is nothing more than a long, generous song recital, but it all turns into an inspired, implied drama of sheer delight. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Robert Preston is the Fox himself, without benefit of trombones. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, and a poor substitute for either the original L. Frank Baum books or the Judy Garland movie. The problem here is lack of tone: exuberant jive one minute, patchy bathos the next. Bargain-hunter note: the cheaper the seats, the less depressing the tacky, gimcrack sets and sloppy routines are likely to look. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Absurdities in Black–A new musical by Ed Bullins and Mildred Kayden. Thurs thru Sun thru 8/28, at 8, $3. Stage 73, 321 E 73 St (490-0077).

Agamemnon–Fragments of the Aeschylus classic intrude from time to time to interrupt Andrei Serban's dazzling display of self-indulgent theatrical trickery. If you care about the play, the show is a horror. If you like circuses, go to the circus. Thru 8/28. Tickets free, distributed nightly at 6:15. Delacorte Theater in Central Park (677-1750).

Camp Meeting–Al Carmines's musical revival meeting set in Southern Illinois in 1846. Fri thru Mon, 8/19-22, 26-29 at 8. $3.50 Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th (SP 7-0033).

The Caretaker–The Harold Pinter play, directed by Eve Adamson. Fri & Sat at 10, thru 9/3. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Children of Adam–Stan Satlin's new musical that describes the journey of a love relationship. John

Driver directed. Chelsea Westside Theater, 407 W 43 St (541-8394).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Consider the Roaches–A new comedy by Len Seaberg. Wed thru Sat at 8:30, thru 8/20. Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Double Bill–*The Loveliest Afternoon in the Year* and *I Can't Imagine Tomorrow*—Two one-act plays. 8/19, 20, at 7:30. 8/26,27, 9/2,3, at 9:30. $3.50 Academy Arts Theatre, 330 E 56 St (486-1431).

Double Bill–*Transitions for a Mime Poem* and *That All Depends on How the Drop Falls—(Part II and III The Soledad Tetrad)*—written by Owa, directed by Stephen D. Agins. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 5:30, thru 8/21, New York Theatre Ensemble, 62 E 4 St (477-4120).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Getting Married*, Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *One Acts*, Thurs thru Sat at 10:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, Sun at 2:30 & 5, thru 8/28, *Three by Gorky*, Sun, Tues, Wed, 8:30, Thru 8/28. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

For the Shark Was a Boojum, You See–An original musical. 8/18-21, 24-28, at 8. Nat Horne Musical Theater, 440 W 42 St (663-0069).

The Grass Harp–Truman Capote's play, directed by Jonathan Fey. 8/25-28, 9/1-4 at 7:30, $4. Academy Arts, 330 E 56 St (486-1431).

Gulp!–Gay musical farce directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. plus Sat at midnight. $5. The Glines, 260 W. Bdway (925-2619).

House of Blue Leaves–John Guare's play about New York. From 8/26 at 8, $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28 St (JU2-4240).

Leona is a Funny Name–Donald Kvares's space play about the liberation of a dream girl type secretary on the moon. Directed by Ted Mornel. 8/25 at 7:30;/26-28, 9/1-4, 9/8-11, at 8. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

Miss Margarida's Way–Roberto Athayde's monodrama, centered about a demented, brutalizing schoolmarm, may or may not be the allegory about fascism that has won it fame and censorhip abroad. It may not, in fact, be a play at all. It is, however, a framework for a spectacular solo turn by Estelle Parsons, who makes of Miss Margarida a brilliant, antic, horrifying harridan, possessed of a glare that could shatter granite. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 9/4. Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Musical Revue–By the Nettle Creek Players. 8/20, 21, 26, 27 at 2 & 4. Nat Horne Musical Theater, 440 W 42 St. (663-0069).

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company boils Wagner's *Ring* down to 3½ hours. There are clever touches here and there, but more that's merely raucous, lurid, and self-indulgent; both Wagner's 20-hour original, and Anna Russell's 20-minute condensation, are more on target — and, incidentally, funnier. Sundays at 8. *Stage Blood*, written, directed by, and starring Charles Ludlam. Fridays at 8 & Saturdays at 8 & 10:30 p.m. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

The Sleepwalkers–Satirical comedy on survival, written, produced, and directed by Charlotte Durham, with a cast of seemingly thousands. 8/19-21, 26-28, at 8 p.m. with three Sun Mats, 8/21, 28, at 3 p.m. $2.50. 333 Sixth Ave, at West 4th (925-1754).

Schubert's Last Serenade–By Julie Bovasso, directed by Frank Polakoff. 8/16-19 at 1:15 P.M. $1.50. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43 St (Hotel Diplomat) (221-9088).

Sepia Star–Marcia Robinson stars as a talented young girl from a well-to-do middle class background who may or may not become a big star. 8/18-21, 25-28, at 8; 8/20, 21, 27, 28 at 4. $3. Stage 73. 321 E 73 (575-9415).

SoHo Rep–*The Real Inspector Hound*, 8/19 at 8:30; 8/20, 10:30. *The Killing of Sister George*, 8/20,21, at 7:30. SoHo Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Unsung Cole–A musical entertainment of songs by Cole Porter, some receiving their New York premieres, infrequently performed, conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman; with Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Maureen Moore, Margery Cohen, John Sloman. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 7:30. Thru 9/4. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So. on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

The Villain Still Pursued Her–A musical melodrama presented by the Actors Cabaret Theater. 8/19,20,26,27. 13th St Theater, 50 W 13 St (924-9785).

The West Street Gang–Doric Wilson's experiment in environmental theater as crime prevention. Fri thru Tues, thru August. $3. The Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

Why Are Mayor Beame's Legs So Short?–A satire with music, directed by Barbara Contardi & Bill Grajeda. 8/20 at 3. 8/21 at 5 & 9. Cubiculo Theater, 441 W 51 St (265-2138).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

Restaurants

A sampling of restaurants *New York's* critics have favorably reviewed. The prices listed are dinner prices. The code: **AE,** American Express; **V,** Visa; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge.

The Greats

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd near Park. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set, a new grill menu: impeccable food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Sat noon to 2 p.m. Mon-Fri 5 to 9 p.m. Pool Room: Mon-Fri, noon to 2:30 p.m. Mon-Sat 5 to 11:30 p.m. Bar Room entrees $6 to $9. AE V CB DC MC (754-9494).

Hunam–845 Second Ave near 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat to 1 a.m. Entrees $5.25 to $7.95. AE CB DC (MU 7-7471).

Le Cirque–58 E 65th near Park. An unstuffily elegant restaurant that can dazzle. Don't miss the spaghetti primavera, and explore the daily special. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 & 6 to 10:30. Entrees $7.95 to $12.95. AE DC (794-9292).

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Entrees $4.35 to $9.25. AE V CB DC MC (532-3888).

The Palace–420 E 59th near First. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat, seating 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Fourteen-course prix-fixe $65. AE DC MC (355-5150).

The Palm–837 Second Ave near 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $7 to $24. AE V DC MC (687-2953).

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th near Third. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Sun thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Entrees $2.95 to $10.95. AE CB DC (371-8844).

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank at Hudson. Pasta ten ways, and sublime vegetables, both properly al dente, with sauces of long, slow melding and fast last-minute subtlety. The food establishment hangs out in this charming store-front. Wed thru Mon noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $3.75 to $6.75. No credit cards. No liquor license. (929-4400).

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave near 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat noon to 11:30 p.m.; Entrees $5 to $11. AE DC (838-0850).

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. The menu is imaginative; with intelligence and luck, you may dine well. Call for hours. Prix-fixe dinner, $16.50. AE, CB, DC, MC, V (938-1111).

Wonderful Settings

Elaine's–1703 Second Ave near 88th. This lovingly seedy little joint is the playpen of the quality media set. A writer's reputation soars or stubs on how long he has to stand at the bar here before getting a table. The food is strictly tangential. Daily noon to 4 a.m. Entrées $4.50 to $10.50. AE (831-9566).

The Grand Café–28 E 63rd near Mad. The food (French and American) isn't memorable, but the gorgeous, near-perfect Art Deco-1930's setting is. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Thurs 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Entrées $9 to $14.50. AE CB DC MC (EL 5-2121).

Maxwell's Plum–1181 First Ave at 64th. Ambitious Continental menu in an Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Art Wacko setting. Uneven kitchen. Daily noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $4.45 to $13. AE V CB DC MC (628-2100).

One Fifth–1 Fifth Ave near Wash Sq. The dining room is the S.S. *Caronia* reincarnate. The food is Continental. Mon thru Thurs noon to 1 a.m.; Fri & Sat to 2 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 5 (brunch). Entrées $2.95 to $23.50 (for 2). AE V CB DC MC (260-3434).

Pronto Ristorante–30 E 60th. In this pasta palazzo one can sit long and late in the homey back room and see and be seen by a bustling urbane crowd all dressed up with somewhere to go. Mon thru Sat 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Entrées from $3.75 to $11. AE DC (421-8151).

Tavern-on-the-Green–at Central Park West at 67th. The Crystal Room is a glittering glass gazebo beneath a pink and yellow and aqua ceiling. Here's where flowers are brought to learn to run riot, carloads at a time. A kitchen that has not yet found itself. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Entrées $5 to $20. AE V CB DC MC (873-3200).

"21"–21 West 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Fall-winter-spring, Mon thru Sat noon to midnight; summer, Mon thru Fri noon to midnight. Entrées $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (582-7200).

W.P.A.–152 Spring near W. Bdway. Stunning Depression-era fantasy. The menu is limited but appealing. Mon thru Sat noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $7.50 to $12. AE DC (226-3444).

Commendable

Chez Pascal–151 E 82nd. Elegant French cuisine in a tiny brick-walled, flower-decorated place filled with beautiful people in flight from formality. The bass baked en croûte is wonderful; the bouillabaisse must be the best in New York. (Mon thru Fri); sittings at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Entrees from $12.50 to $18. AE. (249-1334).

Sea Fare of the Aegean–25 W 56th near Fifth. Praiseworthy virtuoso repertoire of fish dishes in a restaurant painted a regal Knossos red, like the palace in Crete. Mon thru Sat noon to 11 p.m.; Sun 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $6.95 to $18.95. AE V CB DC MC (581-0540).

Shezan–8 W 58th near Fifth. Beautiful, glittery place where the food—Indian and Pakistani—is of a commendable variety and authenticity. Mon thru Fri 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $5.50 to $8.75. AE V CB DC MC (371-1414).

Nice and Inexpensive

Excerpted from The Underground Gourmet

Beau Père–13 Eighth Avenue at 12th. Middle Eastern and Middle European cooking in a pleasant, softly lighted room. A good robust moussaka, succulent Russian spare ribs, homemade desserts. Entrées $3.10 to $8.80. Dinner only: Tues thru Sat 6 p.m. to midnight; Sun 5 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Castilian–303 E 56th near Second. A truly outstanding buy among the city's Spanish restaurants. Be sure to have the white-wine sangria. Daily noon to midnight. Entrées $3.95. AE V CA DC MC (688-6435).

Dosanko Larmen–423 Madison Ave near 48th. Japanese noodle cuisine; very attractive presentation. Mon thru Fri 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 8 p.m. Entrees $2.25 to $3.50. No credit cards (688-8575).

Gaylord–50 E 58th. The large rear dining room faces a glassed-in kitchen where Punjabi chefs perform at three clay ovens. Author's choice: the vegetarian lunch, a visual delight. Entrees $3.95 to $6.50. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat & Sun, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. AE V CB DC MC (759-1710).

Le Yogurt–224 Columbus Ave near 70th. Yogurt, soups, salads, beef stew, frozen-yogurt desserts. Sun thru Wed 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Thurs thru Sat 11 a.m. to midnight. Desserts 60¢ to $2. No credit cards (724-7816).

Siamese Gardens–220 E 53rd near Second. First-rate cooking of Vietnamese and Thai specialties. No liquor license. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Entrées $4.95 to $7.25. AE V DC MC (935-1920).

323 West Broadway south of Grand–A deep room above a grocery store, this not-quite-all-Gallic restaurant has a long wall of windows and hanging plants and a red-tiled front area. The brunch menu offers more than the usual standards. For lunch, try the Black Forest ham and Jarlsberg platter. Dinner is more expensive than the Underground Gourmet limit allows, but your palate and purse can be pleased if you avoid the costly dishes. Entrees $5.25 to $12.95. Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to midnight; weekends noon to 3:30 p.m. (brunch) & 5:30 p.m. to midnight. AE V DC MC (966-6155).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chez Z–320 E 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Broadway and 63rd St. Singer Bobbi Baird belts out her soulful lyrics at 9:30 & 11:30, thru 8/30. Right opposite Lincoln Center (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th, nr Fifth. Restaurant-discotheque. Fri & Sat, dancing downstairs (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye and singer Anita Halidae, thru 9/3, nightly at 9:30 & 11:30 (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 9/3, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday, at 10, midnight, & 2 a.m. The Tomy Furtado Trio plays, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Mon thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature a whole slew of comediennes (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Margaret Whiting, respected and authoritative interpreter of popular music, is at the **Rainbow Grill** on the 65th floor, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, and will be singing here thru August 20th at 9:15 and 11:30 nightly except Sunday. In the lounge: singer-guitarist Carole King Boyd, plus everything made out of avocados to eat and drink (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Bobby Rosengarden has put together a characteristic dance/swing band, with the smooth trombonist George Masso and an appealing vocalist named Sandy Stewart, which seems to fit the room as well as the looming chandelier. Thru 8/21. 8/23-9/4, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

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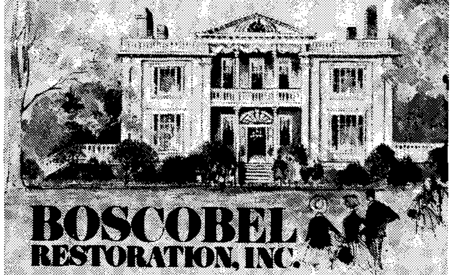

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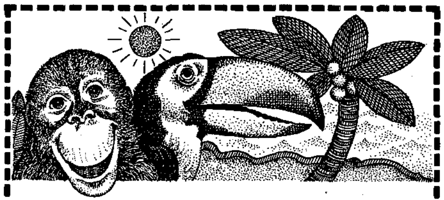

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Reno Sweeney's–126 W 13th. Judith Cohen, thru 8/27. Accompanying her is Keith Avedon & his band. Tues thru Thurs at 10, Fri & Sat, 9 & midnight (691-0900).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide-away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Thru August, pianist Teresa Kelly plays Mon thru Fri, from 7 to midnight—and sings, too.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** George Shearing is here thru 8/26. Mon thru Fri at 9 & 11 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Avenue at 61st Street (838-8000). **In the Cafe:** Tony Gorody featured at the piano from 8:30 p.m. - 12:30 p.m. Tues thru Fri; 9:00 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sat. Steve Weltner at the piano Sun and Mon.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, thru 8/21, by The New York Strut, and then 8/22-9/17 New Life, featuring Joann Greco, from 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to when and where They're playing.

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Broadway. Barry Altschul, a drummer usually associated with downtown modernists like Sam Rivers and Anthony Braxton, will lead his own quartet for two shows, 9 and 11:30, on 8/19-20 (228-0882).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. Song stylists Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein present evenings of Kurt Weill songs from 8/17-27, at 8:30 and 10:30, Tues thru Thurs; 9:30 & 11:30 Fri & Sat (473-9637).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Beefsteak Charlie's–55 Fifth Ave. (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Teppanyaki-hibachi cooking, and Kuniko Kishiki plays 12th century Japanese love songs on the koto, Mon thru Sat, from 5 p.m. (682-7120).

Bottom Line–15 W 4th. (228-6300).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Jimmy Rowles has proven himself to be among the most distinctive pianists in the city in the few years since he arrived from the coast. Accompanied by a bassist, he's here thru 8/20 (228-6440).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. A musical divertissement called *Words,* with music by Martin Silvestri and lyrics by Tony Tanner. Tues thru Thurs at 10:30; Fri & Sat at 10:30 & 12:30 (756-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and, for the month of August—Pamela Stanley & Steve Meissenhimer, Mon thru Wed. Thurs thru Sat, Tanya Harris and Jack Messano (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl & 8th St. Helen Humes, the queen of blues and ballads, always worth hearing, is away thru 8/27. Her spot is filled by Gretchen Cryer & Nancy Ford (with great new *material). On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie* specialist Sammy Price performs (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Tenor sax star Buddy Tate and his trio entertain at this New Orleans restaurant (889-8331).

MEDITERRANEAN MUSIC

Singer-guitarist **Shlomo Haviv** and his sextet return August 16th to **David's Harp,** the swinging Israeli hotspot at 131 West 3rd Street in Greenwich Village. They perform every night but Monday from 9 p.m. For reservations, phone 982-0328.

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton has resumed his Sunday series, beginning at 8:30. He's a hard swinging player in the Don Byas style and might have been Robert DeNiro's prototype for *New York, New York.* During the rest of the week, clubowner Red Balaban leads a sextet (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with Frank Luther on bass and Alicia Sherman on vocals. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Al Haig Trio. Al Haig, a favored pianist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, has been leading a trio here Mondays and Tuesdays for some time, but it's a mistake to take him for granted. He's playing with authority and insight, expertly accompanied by guitarist Chuck Wayne and bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio, with Loumell Morgan on piano, Morris Edwards on bass, and Lynn Crane on vocals (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave, at 11th. Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis are two of the best known Californian studio guitarists and they are emerged in duets thru 8/21. Both are tasteful and fleet, Kessel can be inspiring (260-0250).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Peter Vamos plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (CO 5-9505).

Lone Star Cafe–61 Fifth Ave. Live country/western music nightly. 8/16, Noel Butler; 8/17, Buffalo Gals (country bluegrass); 8/18-20, Greezy Wheels. 8/21, Bluegrass Nightly. 8/22, Prairie Passion and Chenango. Showtimes 9:30 & 11:30 (242-1664).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 8/16-27, Irene Kral sings thrice nightly, starting at 9:15. And Woody Allen continues to hold forth on Monday evenings (PL8-2272).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Natalie Gilbert Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Excellent Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mondays, the Sizzling Syncopators; Tuesdays, the Ed Quinn Quintett; Thursdays, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–41 E 58 St. Altoist Phil Woods brings in his lapidary sextet thru 8/19 (755-1640).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Jazz room. 8/16-20, Randy Breckee, and the Dave Leibman Quintet. 8/21-22, Tex Allen. 8/23-27, the Ron Carter Quartet (242-1785).

Third Phase–2864 Broadway, at 111th. A weekend menu of swing, with alternating groups playing with relaxed authenticity as only they can. On 8/19-20, the terrifically exciting Countsmen regroup, with two ex-Basieites at the helm—altoist Earle Warren and trombonist Dickie Wells, who is too rarely heard these days. (749-0200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Morris Moscovitch, young Soviet dissident who defected from the U.S.S.R. two years ago, makes his debut (as a political satirist) here, 8/16-27. Tues, Wed, & Thurs at 9; Fri & Sat at 9 & 11 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 8/16-21, Memphis Slim plus Earl "Fatha" Hines. 8/23-28, Charles Mingus. 8/30-9/11, Dizzy Gillespie. Show time nightly 10 & midnight; an extra show on Sat at 2 a.m. Monday dark! (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Lee Konitz, whose delicacy of line is always underlined with genuine heat, brings in his nonet thru 8/21; its a solidly built band with a range from Louis Armstrong to Chick Corea. 8/22, Frank Foster & the Loud Minority Jazz Band. 8/23-28, The Sonny Fortune Quintet (AL 5-4037).

The West End–1911 Broadway. For August: Tues & Wed, The Tiny Grimes Trio. Thrus, The West Side Jazz Conspiracy. Fri, Swing-to-Bop Quintet. Sat, The Pony Poindexter Sextet. Sun, The Mitch Frohman Group (666-8750).

Pianist-Composer

Hod O'Brien leads his trio at **Gregory's,** Wednesday thru Saturday from 10 to 3, and from 7 to 3 on Sundays. Hod is assisted by Frank Luther on bass, and Alicia Sherman on vocals. 1149 First Ave. at 63rd (874-8754).

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Children

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Children's Musical Theater, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533). *Little Red Riding Hood,* 8/19 at 11 & 2.

Cottage Marionette Theater, CPW at 81st St. (988-9093). *The Reluctant Dragon,* Mon-Fri at 10:30; Children's film festival, Mon-Fri at 12:30.

Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.

East River Puppet Theater, South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Puppet shows Wed, Sat & Sun beginning at noon; thru August.

18th Street Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (989-9228). *The Skylight Room,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 2.

Marionette Show, Union Square Park (460-4750), 8/17 at 12:30.

New York Aquarium, Boardwalk at W. 8th St., Brooklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-7, Sat, Sun & Hol 10-8.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Penny Bridge Players, Brooklyn Music School, 122 St. Felix St. (783-8293). *Robin Hood,* 8/9-11 at 10:30 & 1:30, 8/12 at 10:30.

Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry St. (255-7190). *Punch and Judy,* thru 8/22-25 at 1:30.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Stories and Songs, NY Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), Tues & Thurs at 2, thru 8/18.

Storytelling, Barnes & Noble Annex, Fifth Ave. at 18th St. (777-1465), Tues at 11.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* Sat & Sun at 1.

Washington Square Festival, Garibaldi's statue in Washington Square Park (473-8321). *Rumpelstiltskin,* 8/9 at 10:30; magic show, 8/16 at 10:30.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, SPORTS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

ICE FESTIVAL

The 33rd "Holiday on Ice," starring Peggy Fleming, Dianne deLeeuw, Mr. Frick, the Muppets (including **Bert and Ernie**), and many others, will be at Madison Square Garden thru August 21. Show times are as follows: 8/17 at 2 & 7:30, 8/18 at 2, 8/19-20 at 2 & 7:30, and 8/21 at 1 & 5 (564-4400).

Westbury Music Fair–(516-333-0533); *A Little Night Music,* Tues & Wed at 8:30, Thurs at 2 & 8:30, Fri at 8:30, Sat at 7 & 10:30, Sun at 3 & 7:30. Thru 8/21.

Custom and Culture: a series of arts events at the U.S. Custom House on Bowling Green. Art exhibits will be on display and music and dance works will take place Wednesdays and Thursdays starting at 12:30 and Sundays starting at 3. The festival will run thru 9/11 (425-4445).

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Concerts

Tuesday, August 16

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival: Murray Louis Dance Company, Damrosch Park, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Emanuel Ax & Garrick Ohlsson, pianists, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park (580-8700); Erich Leinsdorf conducts Haydn's *Trumpet Concerto,* Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, and Dvorak's Symphony No. 9, at 8:30.

Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, Cadman Plaza Park, Bklyn (636-4123); David Amram conducts Beethoven's *Coriolanus Overture,* Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony,* Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave,* Stravinsky's *Pulcinella Suite,* and Amram's *Middle Eastern Sketches for Orchestra and Chorus,* at 7:30.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Alec Wyton conducts Fauré's *Requiem* and *Pavane* and Honegger's *King David,* at 7:30.

Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321), at 8.

Saoco, Salsa, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

Wednesday, August 17

Folk Music, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Mostly Mozart Trio, Whitney Museum Sculpture Garden, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 6:20.

New York Philharmonic, Bronx Botanical Garden (580-8700). Same program as 8/16, at 8:30.

Peter Allen/Formerly The Harlettes, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Juilliard Jazz Ensemble, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Roland Prince, jazz guitar, Jeanette Park, 55 Water St. (269-0320), at 12:30.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Leonard Slatkin conducts, with Emanuel Ax, piano and Jessye Norman, soprano, at 8.

Thursday, August 18

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival: The New California Ramblers, North Plaza, at noon; Beaux Arts Trio; North Plaza, at 6:15; Country Dance Festival, Damrosch Park, at 8:15.

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

Dicran Pekmazian Oriental Orchestra, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Eve Queler conducts Borodin's *Polovetzian Dances,* Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Orff's *Carmina Burana,* at 7:30.

The Bluegrass Cardinals, South St. Seaport, at 8.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, Starrett City Shopping Center (636-4123). Same program as 8/16, at 7:30.

Bob Marley & the Wailers, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Eugene Istomin, piano & the Beaux Arts Trio, at 8.

Friday, August 19

INDOOR FESTIVAL

Violinist **Ani Kavafian** (left) and pianist Eugene Istomin are this weekend's featured soloists with the Mostly Mozart Festival in Avery Fisher Hall. The concerts are Friday, August 19 and Saturday, August 20 at 8. Lawrence Foster conducts (874-2424).

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Doris Hays's Sensevents, North Plaza, at 6:15.

Bob Marley & the Wailers, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.

Ramona Brooks, The Bushes, 23 W 73rd St. (874-8091), at 9 & 11.

Bora Bergman/Gregory Reeve/Perry Robinson– Kirk Nurock, Summergarden of Museum of Modern Art, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Jam Sessions, Jazz Museum, at noon & 3.
Popular Music of the Americas, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.
Barry Altschul Group, Axis in SoHo, 463 West Broadway (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.
The David Bromberg Band/Leon Redbone, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Saturday, August 20

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Philip Glass Ensemble plays music from *Einstein on the Beach,* Damrosch Park, at 8:15.
Dave Mason/Heart, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.
Bob Marley & the Wailers, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Bronx Botanical Garden, Southern Blvd. at 200th St. (549-1899); Johannes Somary conducts works of Gounod, Mozart, Raff, and Mayer, at 3.
Artie Simmons Octet, Jazz Museum, at 2.
Bora Bergman/Gregory Reeve/Perry Robinson/Kirk Nurock, Summergarden of Museum of Modern Art, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.
Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 8/19, at 8.
Concert of International Music and Dance, South St. Seaport, at 8.
Barry Altschul Group, Axis in SoHo, 463 West Broadway (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.
New York Philharmonic, Cunningham Park in Queens (580-8700). Same program as 8/16, at 8:30.
The David Bromberg Band/Leon Redbone, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Sunday, August 21

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Tito Puente and his Orchestra, Machito and his Orchestra, Son de la Loma Conjunto, Damrosch Park, at 2; Paul Knopf's Blues Opera, Metropolitan Opera Steps, at 8:15.
Grouptroupe, Queens Museum in Flushing Meadow (592-2405), at 3:30.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Van Cortlandt Mansion in Van Cortlandt Park, Broadway at 242nd St. (549-1899). Same program as 8/20, at 3.

Monday, August 22

OUTDOOR FESTIVAL

This Monday, August 22, the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival will present **Billy Taylor** (left) and the Jazzmobile All-Stars at noon on the North Plaza. Later that night the St. Luke Chamber Orchestra will play at the North Plaza at 8:15. The Festival runs thru Labor Day, presenting outdoor performances in music, dance, and theater (245-4771).

Elvis Presley, Nassau Coliseum, at 8:30.
Heart/Aztec Two Step, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.
Bonnie Raitt, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.
Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Antonio Janigro conducts, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Marine Park, Bklyn (580-8700). Same program as 8/16, at 8:30.
Peter Frampton, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Tuesday, August 23

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Rudolf Firkusny, piano, at 8.
Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.
Peter Frampton, Madison Square Garden, at 8.
Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Community Theater Festival, Fountain Plaza, at 1; Manna House Inner Space Ensemble, Fountain Plaza, at 2:30; Walter Nicks Dance Company, Fountain Plaza, at 5.
New York Philharmonic, Van Cortlandt Park (580-8700); Andre Kostelanetz conducts Tchaikovsky's *Coronation March* and Symphony No. 6, Ravel's

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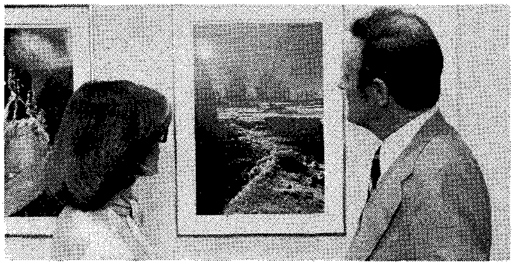

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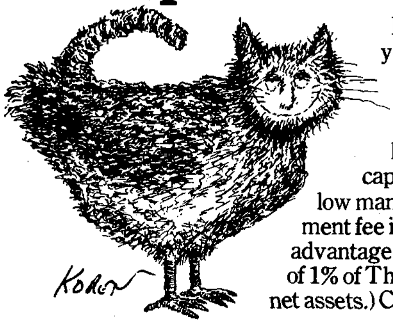

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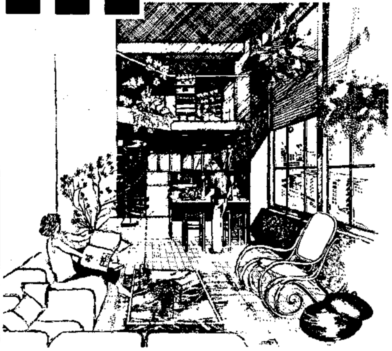

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Mitchell Korn Ensemble, Battery Park (269-0320), at 12:30.

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Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

New York Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

South Street Seaport, Pier 15, Fulton St. at East River (766-9042).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Wollman Theater, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *The Vagabond King,* 8/17 at 2 & 8:30, 8/18-19 at 8:30, 8/20 at 4 & 8:30, 8/21 at 4.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (674-5243). *Tosca,* 8/19 at 7:30, 8/21 at 2:30.

Dance

OTHER

Dance Play by Peggy Harrer, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 8/18-20 at 8.

Folk Dancing, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport (766-9042). Mondays at 7:30.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Ben Compton**–Fantasy clothes, 8/29 thru 9/6. Julie, 687 Mad Ave (688-2345).

***Malvina Hoffman**–Retrospective of bronze dance and opera portraits, thru 8/30. Crider, 961 Mad Ave at 75th (879-4354).

SoHo

Timothy Hare–Sketches and watercolors of historic and vanishing architecture of the Village, thru 9/15. 190 Bleecker (254-4695). Daily 12-9.

OTHER

George Rickey–Eight stainless steel kinetic sculptures, thru 9/24. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Goodman, King, Dove, others, thru 8/19.

Droll/Kolbert–724 5th Ave (541-6606). Tues-Fri 11-5. Drawings, paintings, and sculpture by Bishop, Crile, Gianakos, Mangold, Steir, others, thru 9/2.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Contemporary School of Paris, thru 9/1.

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). Paintings by Antunez, Hartigan, Stefanelli, others; sculpture by Miniucchi; kinetics by Ayoroa; environments by Jenkins. Thru 9/3.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Tues-Fri 10-6./ Prints by Dine, Dubuffet, Kelly, Rauschenberg, others, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (PL8-0409). Works by 19th and 20th century French artists, thru 9/8.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600). 20th century American sculture and paintings including de Creeft, Nadelman, Demuth, O'Keeffe, Shahn, others, thru 8/19.

Nobé–250 W 57th (581-7060). Mon-Fri 10-6, Thurs til 8. Color woodcuts by Seong Moy and mixed-media sculpture and prints in an environment by Lydia Okurmura, thru 8/19.

Pace–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). Dubuffet, Krasner, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, others, thru 9/16.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. Works by members, thru 8/19.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Works by teachers and students from New Paltz, thru 8/26.

René–6 W 57th (765-1330). Chryssa, Doltori, Indiana, Tanger, others, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Tues-Thurs 10-5. Small abstract wall constructions by Du Bois, paper boxes by Larese, dot drawings on silk by Lazar, others, thru 8/26.

Womanart–41 W 57th (421-2420). Tues-Sat 12-6. Drawings, etchings, and small paintings, thru 9/3.

Zarre–41 E 57th (752-0498). Fri-Sat 12-5. Works by Ajay, Koursaros, Walker, others, thru 8/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Fri 10-5. Works by Caro, de Konning, Frankenthaler, Kline, and Louis, thru 9/6.

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Fri 10:30-5. Weapons, masks, and figures from West and Central Africa, thru 8/30.

Black Enterprise–295 Mad Ave (889-8220). Mon-Fri 9-5. Works by Collins, Cowans, Koefoed, Rice, and Williams, thru 8/31.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues, Wed, Thurs 10-2. Works from $200 to $20,000, thru 8/30.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Real and fantastic animals by Wolff, colorful oil and acrylic still lifes and cosmic essays by Nash, thru 9/6.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Works by Bellows, I. Getz, Hofmann, Sloan, Walkowitz, others, thru 8/30.

Flanagan–22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naïve and surrealist paintings, drawings, and sculptures, thru 9/1.

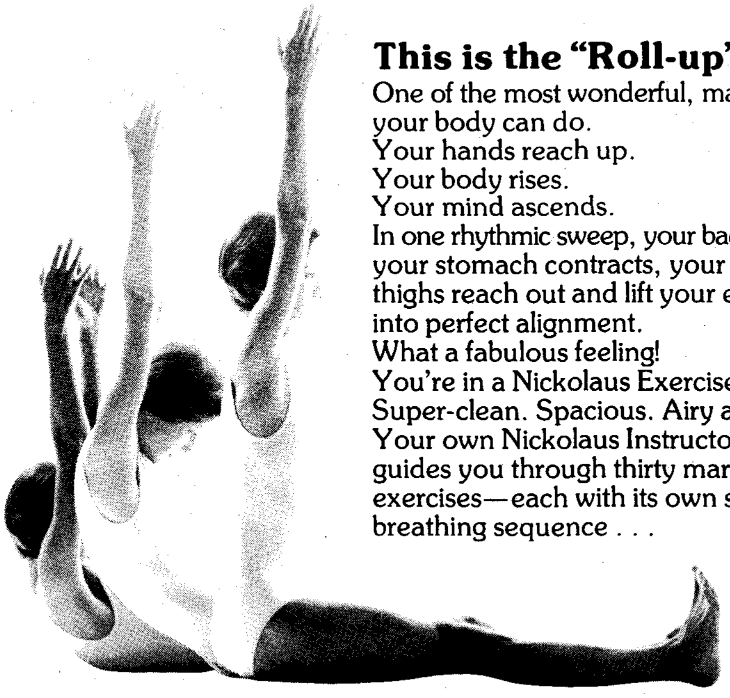
Galeria Venezuela–7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4. Prints and acrylic on paper by Venezuelan artists Guevara-Moreno, Moya, Palacios, and Perez, 8/11-9/30.

Gimpel Weitzenhoffer–1040 Mad Ave (628-1897). Mon-Fri 10-5. Large works by Appel, Davie, Jenkins, Johnson and Soulages, huge silkscreen by Moore, and sculpture by Hepworth, thru 9/9.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888). Mon-Fri 10-5. Contemporary Americans including Callahan, DeLonga, Hardy, others, thru 8/30.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Architectural drawings, including Aronson's magical medieval cities of Volterra and Montepulciano, Hasler's view of Atocha, Madrid's railway station plus Canina's (1795-1856) design sections of the Villa Borghese, others, thru 9/13.

Wauters–1014 Mad Ave (988-3447). 19th and 20th century European and American drawings, thru 8/30.



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***Wildenstein**–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Selections from their collection, thru 8/31.

SoHo

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9. Photographic images by Incandela, typewritten maps of NYC by Knowles, pencil and watercolor portraits on paper by Lyytikainen, others, thru 8/27.

Hoffman–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Mon-Fri 10-5. Paintings by Faccinto, Hammond, Reich, others and sculpture by Kuehn, thru 9/7.

Schafer–71 Greene (354-0880). Erotic clothing, paintings, sculpture, thru 8/31.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Daily 1-6. Surface and depth in painting, sight and sound in poetry, weight and shape in sculpture, thru 9/30.

Volpe–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Mission style oak rockers circa 1910, thru 8/30.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6, Wed til 9. Works by 15 including Garland, O'Donahue, others, thru 9/4.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 photos, paintings, and objects from Cape Verde; thru 9/10.

Co-Op City Bronx–(671-7777). Outdoor sculpture by Barrett, Castoro, FeBland, Reginato, many others, thru 8/30.

***Custom House**–Bowling Green (425-4445). Wed-Sun 11-6. Perceptual sculpture by Harris, string construction by Kazuko, 9' prisms by Ross, light and sound cybernetics by Tsai, others, thru 9/11.

***F.I.T.**–227 W 27th (760-7642). The changing look of costume, hairstyle, posture, and makeup from 1765 to the present, thru 9/24.

***Gallery 1199**–Labor Center, 310 W 43rd (JU2-1890). Mon-Fri 12-4, 6-8. "Bicentennial Schlock" includes red, white, and blue paper cups, disposable dinnerware, milk cartons, kites, two stuffed mice in revolutionary garb, and more, thru 9/8.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing (699-9400). Wed-Sat 10-4, Sun 11-5. Vintage fire helmets and badges from the 1790s to the 1920s, thru 9/4. The technology of NYC including models of city structures, bridges, subways, drawings of the Brooklyn Bridge by Roebling, and more, thru 8/31.

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3665). Wed-Sun 12-5. Beachscapes by Benno Friedman, thru 9/7.

Long Island University–Flatbush Ave Ext at DeKalb, B'klyn (834-6000). Mon-Thurs 9-5. Prints by Axelrod, Doyle, Sclafani, Sterrett, others, thru 9/13.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Prints by Bonnard, Gauguin, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec, others, in Print Gallery, thru 8/30.

***New York Public Library** at Lincoln Center–Amsterdam at 65th (799-9600). Mon-Sat 12-6. Asian dance images from the Spencer Collection, thru 8/27.

Radio City Music Hall–The Grand Lounge (CI6-4600). 36 original posters of the Folies-Bergere and the music halls of Paris, thru 8/18.

Seamen's Church Institute–15 State (269-2710). Daily 10:30-5. Painted wall hangings by Kupferman of the undersea world, thru 8/22.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***George Barnard/Edward Weston**–Sherman's Campaign during the Civil War/Fifty vintage prints from his life's work, thru 9/24. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593). Tues-Fri 10-6.

Louis S. Davidson–A sea cruise, thru 9/9. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

***Kodak**–1133 6th Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Shipboard life on early American sailing vessels, thru 8/30.

***Parsons**–2 W 13th (741-8900). Mon-Fri 10-5. Impressions of Cuba today, thru 8/31.

Port Washington Public Library–245 Main St, Port Washington (516-883-4400). Farmers of Heber Springs, thru 8/31.

Lilo Raymond–Light-filled studies of everyday objects, thru 9/2. Port Washington Library, 245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400).

***Soho/Steiglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Sat, Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Nature designs by Dutkiewicz, color Xerox of Hoboken by Rolston, portraits by Stephens, others, plus the Big Apple by 60 Soho photographers, thru 8/30.

***Ray Witlin**–Daily life and disease in the village of Wayen on the Upper Volta, thru 8/31. United Nations General Assembly, The Main Lobby, (754-1234).

Bernard Pierre Wolff–Black men/Self-portraits by many, thru 8/25. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Natural History Illustrated:* Illustrated rare manuscripts from some of the first major zoological treatises of the Renaissance; thru 8/31. Over 100 specimens of cones and cowrie shells; thru 8/31. **Hayden Planetarium:** *Children of the Sun:* A look at the planets. Mon-Fri at 1 & 3, Sat, Sun & Hols at 1, 2, 3 & 4; thru 9/11. *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* An hour-long show of laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 P.M.; Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace: An Ornamental Art:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31. *Two Centuries of Black American Art:* A historical survey of the black contribution to the art of America; thru 9/5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Palaces for the People:* An exhibition highlighting 100 years of resort and motel architecture; thru 9/11. *Andrea Palladio:* Models of Palladian villas and churches; thru 9/11.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Major Battles of the Revolution:* Paintings, prints, and military artifacts highlighting the most significant events of the Revolutionary War, thru 1/31. *Pride of the Republic:* Historical American persons, places, and events, depicted on Stafford China; thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Klee at the Guggenheim:* This select survey of Klee's development contains 67 oils, watercolors, drawings and prints; thru 9/5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Arp, Cézanne, Klee, Miró, Picasso, Seurat, and many others; thru 9/11. *American Postwar Painting:* Includes Dine, Brooks, Marca-Relli, Sander, and others; thru 9/11.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Prints by Noland, Oldenburg, Dine, Stella, Olitski, Lichtenstein, and others; thru 9/11.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Symbolism of Light:* An exhibition featuring the photographs of Clarence H. White. *Wedding:* A photographic record of getting married in America (1850-1976). *Dog Days:* Photographs of dogs taken by Elliot Erwitt. All shows thru 9/11.

Japan House, 333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position; thru 9/4. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* Covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru 8/30. *Liberty or Death:* An exhibition in commemoration of the American bicentennial and the 500th anniversary of the Swiss struggle for independence from Burgundian domination; thru 10/15. *Childe Hassam:* A study of his most important prints and their relationship to his painting style; thru 9/11. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Thracian Treasures From Bulgaria:* More than 500 works of art, spanning 2,000 years of Thracian culture; thru 9/4. *Maurice Prendergast's Large Boston Public Garden Sketchbook:* An exhibition of 40 full-page watercolors, almost the full contents of a folio album Prendergast used between 1895 and 1897; thru 8/21. *Signac: Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings and Prints:* An exhibition of 32 works in the Museum by the French Neo-Impressionist Paul Signac (1863-1935); 8/30 thru 11/27.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Object As Poet:* Examining the relationship of poetry to the poetic image in objects made by artist-craftsmen; *Bruno La Verdiere:* Clay sculptures; *American Crafts for the White House;* All shows thru 9/1.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Ambroise Vollard:* Devoted to works published by this famous Paris art dealer; thru 9/6. *The Graphic Revolution (1920-40):* A collection of modern graphics assembled by designer Jan Tschichold in the 1920s and 1930s; thru 10/31. *Extraordinary Women:* Recently acquired drawings by Alexandra Exter, Hannah Hoch, Susan Rothenberg, Dorothea Rockburne, and others, thru 9/15. *Universal Pictures:* Seventy-three enlarged film stills and posters representing the history of Universal Pictures. Shown in conjunction with the current film retrospective; thru 1/31. *Recent Acquisitions of Contemporary Art:* Paintings, sculpture, reliefs, and works in mixed media; thru 8/16. *Projects: Michael Vessa:* Environmental pieces created for individual rooms; thru 8/22. *Photographs by Chauncey Hare:* Pictures of public and private interiors; thru 10/23. The museum's **Summergarden** is open Fri-Sun from 6 to 10.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* Tickets, programs, manuscripts, portraits, and personal belongings and mementos of the great Swedish soprano; thru 11/30. *New York Then and Now:* Photographs of New York in the past and present; thru the autumn.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Keith R. Bowlby: Blown Glass;* thru 8/21. *Antarctica:* Photographs by Eliot Porter and paintings by Daniel Lang; thru 8/21. *Masked Rituals:* Masks, dance costumes, and photo enlargements of African, Oceanic, and North American cultures; 8/27 thru 11/13.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Sidewalk History:* An outdoor exhibition about the people and life of New York's seaport district around the middle of the 19th century.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *Twentieth-Century American Masterworks;* thru 10/9. *Turn-of-the-Century America:* Paintings, graphics, and photographs; thru 10/2. *Selected Recent Acquisitions;* thru 9/11. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASEBALL

New York Mets, Shea Stadium (672-3000). Tom Seaver, making his first appearance at Shea since the big trade, leads the Cincinnati Reds into town for a weekend series against the Mets: 8/19 at 5:35, 8/20 & 21 at 2:05. Then the Houston Astros come in for a brief visit: 8/22 at 8:05, 8/23 at 2:05.

New York Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300). The first-place White Sox close out this home stand with night games (at 8) on 8/15-16.

TENNIS

Robert F. Kennedy Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament, Forest Hills Stadium (541-7290), 8/27, 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.

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New York

The Perils of the Picture Show: Fade-out on an Era

By Ron Chernow

> "...A shortage of films threatens not only to bankrupt many theaters but to alter the nature of the American film business..."

Theater owners may feel a special kinship these days to the flaming skyscrapers, omnivorous sharks, and collapsing cities that dominate their screens. For cinemas are starting to fold around New York with the grim momentum of a disaster film.

The signs of doom are small but ubiquitous: The old, plush theater is suddenly converted into a complex of "screening rooms"; ushers no longer shepherd patrons to their seats; pictures stay on the marquee for months at a time; retreads like *The Godfather* reappear in local theaters after being aired on TV; dollar cinemas disappear; *The Sting* is resurrected at Radio City Music Hall after a spate of rock and gospel shows; movie palaces like the Ziegfeld, the Criterion, and Loews Astor Plaza stand idle for weeks at a time; and porno pops up in once respectable theaters.

Such trends signal a crisis that threatens not only to bankrupt many theaters but to alter the nature of the American film business. In industry argot, that crisis is termed the "product shortage." It means that Hollywood studios are not cranking out enough films, especially first-rate ones, to satisfy all available movie screens. And in this seller's market, movie theaters across America are being slaughtered. In fact, the Saturday-night "picture show" may soon become a thing of the past, as small-town theaters are squeezed out of business by the giant, urban-oriented distributors.

In the metropolitan area alone, an estimated two dozen cinemas have closed in the past two years, and many others have had to shut temporarily for lack of product. The Walter Reade organization—operator of the Baronet-Coronet, the Waverly, the Little Carnegie, and other popular New York houses—filed for bankruptcy in January. In three years, the Reade colossus has shriveled from a national chain of 80 theaters to fewer than 30.

To anyone who remembers Hollywood in its palmy days, the shrinkage of the film business seems incredible. Before television, the major studios each produced about 50 films annually, feeding them to their theater chains. But the seven companies that direct the industry today—Paramount, Universal, Columbia, MGM, Twentieth Century–Fox, United Artists, and Warner Bros.—each make only a dozen or so films per year. The term *studio* has become a misnomer, for the seven "majors" finance and distribute films created by independent producers at least half of the time.

There's no lack of cynical exhibitors who think that the product shortage has been deliberately created, since it is more profitable for the majors to market a dozen films a year apiece than their former 50. And in recent years, the studios have been swallowed up by conglomerates—Paramount by Gulf & Western, Universal by MCA, etc.—more concerned with profits than with imperishable art.

So while theaters starve for film, these companies are rolling up record profit margins. On the strength of *A Star Is Born* and *The Enforcer*—scarcely a pair of masterpieces—Warner Bros. raked in an unprecedented $50 million in domestic film rentals for the first quarter of 1977. And riding the crest of *Rocky, Carrie, The Pink Panther Strikes Again,* and *Network*, United Artists took in $46 million in rentals for the first quarter, nearly *double* what it made in the initial quarter last year.

Strange as it may seem to film addicts, pictures are marketed as coldly as any commodity. To some extent, the price paid for a film fluctuates with the size of each season's celluloid crop. In today's seller's market, the majors are extracting exorbitant rental terms from movie theaters hungry for product. Most moviegoers assume that the theater owner pockets the $3.50 or so charged for each ticket. For the most part, however, the theaters now take only a small fraction of that money, funneling most of it to the distributors. Meanwhile, they're going broke.

To fathom this paradox, one must return to the 1920s, when Paramount tycoon Adolph Zukor started the practice of distributors' skimming off a percentage of box-office receipts. The percentage "split" between film company and theater is a function of supply and demand. When there is a glut of films, theater owners have the upper hand and can negotiate a larger slice—which was the case in the 1960s. But the power balance has seesawed. Distributors now often siphon off up to *90*

Ron Chernow is a free-lance writer.

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CULVER PICTURES

THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Old glory: *Keith's Palace in Queens (top, in 1933) was converted into three cinemas in 1976. Above, interior of a 1920s theater.*

percent of the box-office take, leaving the crumbs to the theaters. Once limited to a few Hollywood spectaculars, such lopsided splits are fast becoming the standard deal for even mediocre films. This past year, for instance, Columbia dictated such tough terms for undistinguished fare like *The Eagle Has Landed* and *Fun With Dick and Jane.*

The 90/10 split is a bit of an oversimplification. Before the booty is divided, the theater owner gets to deduct his house expenses—dubbed the "nut." But many of the 90/10 contracts also carry a tiny clause guaranteeing the distributor a minimum of 70 percent of the first week's gross *under any circumstances*—even if it nibbles at the nut.

On top of this, theater managers complain that the majors haven't allowed them to revise their nut for inflation. "My nut was established two or three years ago and everything has gone up," said one Queens theater owner. "When I complain to the distributors, they say, 'Go ahead, screw yourselves.' " A Nassau County exhibitor grumbled that his house expenses had been frozen at their 1972 level.

Some of the majors seem secretly gleeful about the rash of retail closings and are unsympathetic to exhibitors' woes, perhaps because they remember the buyer's markets of the fifties and sixties,when the theater owners skinned *them.* Asked about the exhibitors' contention that they hadn't been allowed to update their nuts for three or five years, Bruce Snyder, the modish young Atlantic Division branch manager for Twentieth Century–Fox, retorted coolly, "That's right. And in two more years it will be an honest figure." The distributors almost uniformly feel that the house nuts are padded; of course, exhibitors claim the opposite.

But the declining number of films can be explained without resorting to theories of venal studios. The fundamental fact of life in the film business is that it must fill the gaps left by TV—graphic sex, sadistic violence, and obscenity. These elements often work together best in the big-budget disaster pictures. Toss in some million-dollar stars who seldom appear on television, and the TV fiend has an incentive to visit the corner cinema.

"Television can't deliver you a Dustin Hoffman or an Al Pacino," says

THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Block Buster: *A doleful Buster Keaton entertains his fans in the elegant surroundings of a New York movie palace of the twenties.*

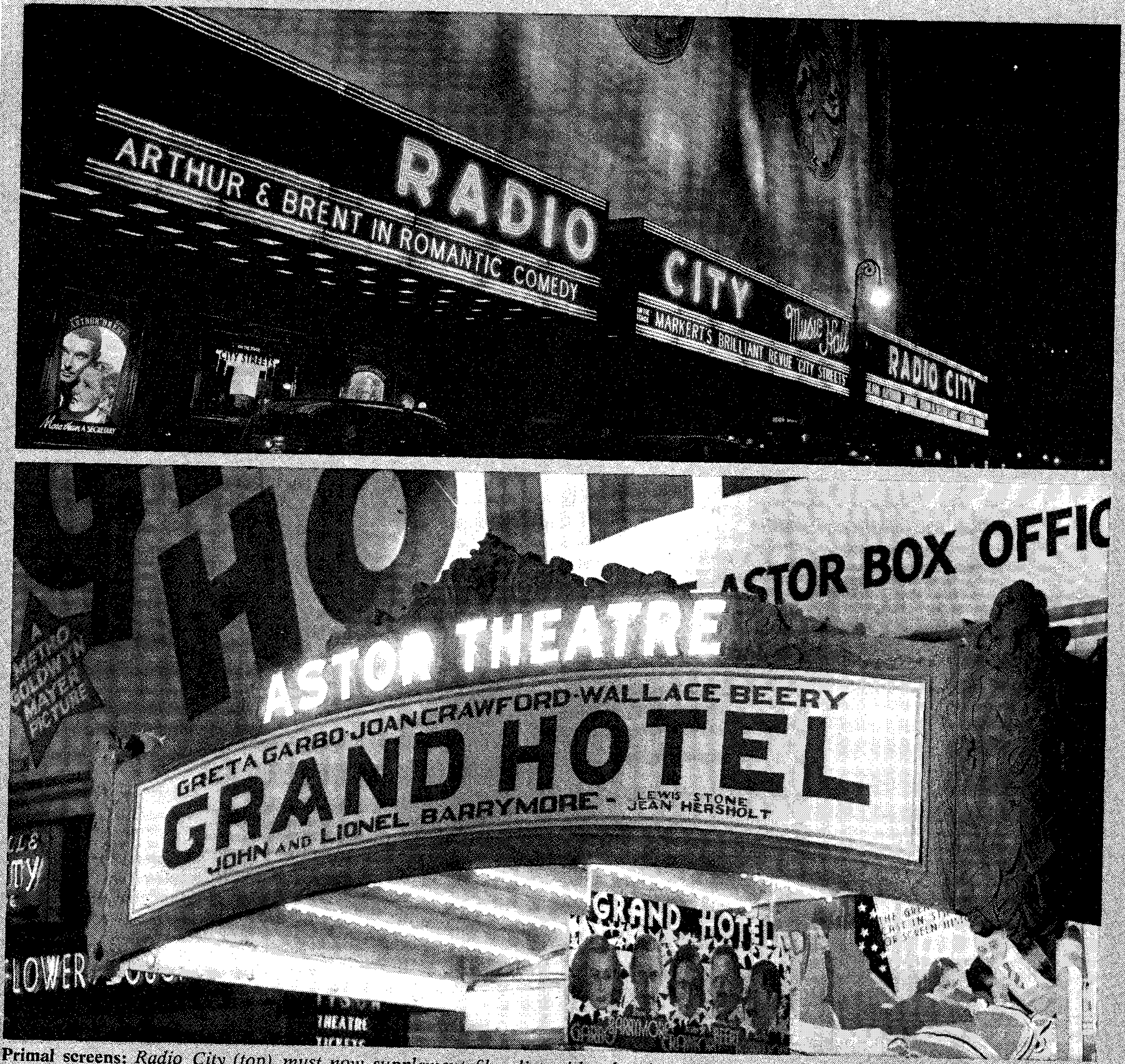
"... If Hollywood doubled its output of films, many porno houses would gladly switch to family entertainment overnight ..."

Ray Silver, independent producer of *Hester Street* and *Between the Lines*. "And it can't deliver you a war or certain themes not permitted on television. It can't give you the raucous comedy of a Mel Brooks or the sophisticated comedy of a Woody Allen"—at least not on first run. "So movies tend to go after those very special areas that television can't handle. And they tend to be large films with what the studios hope will be large, explosive national-audience potential."

So the bottom line is this: The more high-budget movies the studios churn out, the smaller their total film output will be. And that means a product shortage.

The majors don't cast their few pearls on the market arbitrarily. It's axiomatic in the film business that the biggest throngs turn out during the summer holidays and at Christmas and Easter. Therefore, the distributors conduct saturation ad campaigns and spill the best pictures at these times. But this tactic leaves exhibitors stranded as soon as the holiday tide ebbs. Everyone in the industry parrots the same sentiment: The studios are now in a sixteen-weeks-a-year business, the movie houses in a 52-weeks-a-year business. And the theaters find that they simply cannot recoup their yearlong losses during the holiday flurries.

Asked about the product shortage, studio executives hark back to 1948. In the famous Paramount case of that year, the federal government divested the studios of their theater chains. Executives argue that before that time, they had an incentive to supply a steady stream of product. Also, assured of


RADIO
ARTHUR & BRENT IN ROMANTIC COMEDY
CITY
MARKERTS BRILLIANT REVUE "CITY STREETS"
Music Hall
RADIO CITY
More than A SECRETARY
A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURE
ASTOR BOX OFFIC
ASTOR THEATRE
GRETA GARBO JOAN CRAWFORD WALLACE BEERY
GRAND HOTEL
JOHN AND LIONEL BARRYMORE
LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT
GRAND HOTEL

Primal screens: *Radio City (top) must now supplement film diet with other fare. The Astor (above), now a flea market, in 1932.*

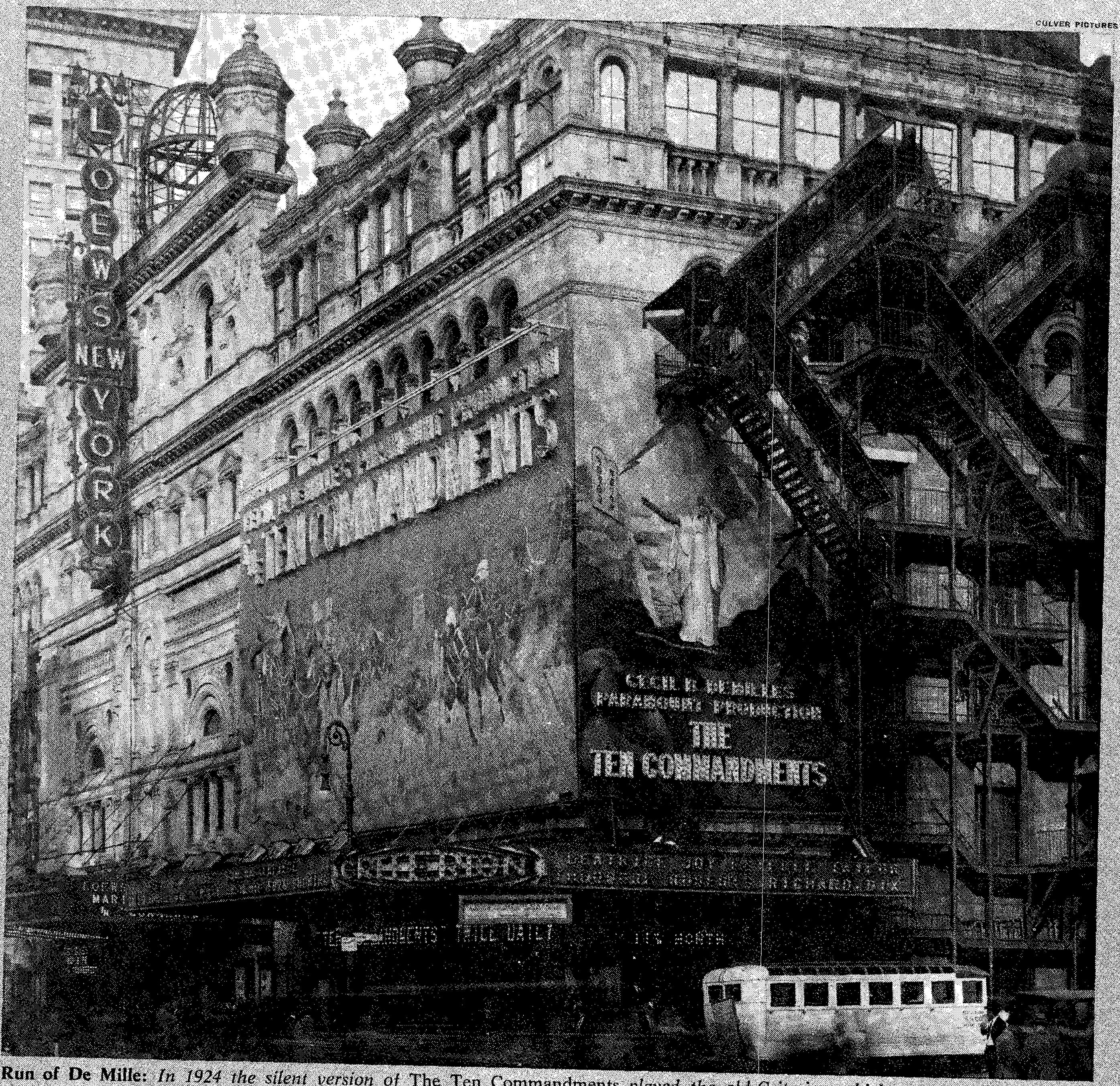
playing time at their own theaters, they could afford to do art pictures of a more esoteric nature. But in the wake of the Paramount decision, and with the growing competition from "free" and cable TV, the studios have had to concentrate on mass-audience films released at peak holiday periods.

Most exhibitors spend less time analyzing the product shortage than figuring out how to cope with it. A favorite tactic has been to gut the interiors of those big Byzantine cinemas and create a warren of screening cubicles. This way, one cashier, one ticket taker, etc., can service two or three screens, spreading out the overhead.

"All of the old-fashioned single, large theaters are going to go under," says Bernard Goldberg, executive vice-president of Golden Theatre Management, operator of the Quad Cinema in the Village and six other New York City houses. "A traditional large theater cannot meet its overhead with the film rentals it has to pay. There aren't enough top-grossing pictures for them to show. Either they will divide the theater into two, three, or four screens—which is what we've done at the Quad—or go under."

Who decides which theaters will screen the few prize pictures? The crux of transactions between distributors and exhibitors is the mysterious bidding rite, which rivals papal elections for secrecy and intrigue. Each exhibitor privately submits a bid stating, among other things, what percentage he will hand over to the studio. But many independent exhibitors suspect that powerful theater chains are given preferential treatment. Since the bids are never disclosed, paranoid fantasies are given full rein. A whole mythology has sprung up around the bidding process.

"When you bid for a film, you don't submit a sealed envelope, then sit around a table and open up the envelopes," says Ralph Donnelly, vice-president of RKO-Stanley Warner Theatres. "It's all done late at night in some dark room someplace." Exhibitors will tell you darkly about the "five o'clock look"—when distributors supposedly usher favored clients into their offices after the bidding closes at 5 P.M. These customers, so the story goes, are then given a chance to top the high bid. It's difficult to find a local independent who



CULVER PICTURES

Run of De Mille: *In 1924 the silent version of* The Ten Commandments *played the old Criterion, which was torn down in 1935.*

doesn't think that the bidding system is bent, if not plain crooked. "Most of the time the bidding is a farce," said one.

When confronted with such charges of discrimination, the majors are armed with a glib explanation. They claim that in addition to bids, they study the track record of the theater and simply calculate where they will net the most profit. Since the rich chains have shiny new theaters in profitable locations, they repeatedly walk off with the trophies. In theory, the majors entertain bids on all pictures; in actuality, they book certain clusters of theaters — "tracks" — year-round. Ordinarily, theaters balk at being "locked up" by the majors, but with the product shortage, most are only too happy to be their kept mistresses.

In April, the Justice Department outlawed "split agreements"—an exhibitors' tactic of carving up territory and bidding only on pictures from certain distributors. Though the impact of this ruling is still far from clear, it seems possible that it will terminate the honeymoon between distributors and theaters on their tracks. Twentieth Century–Fox has already said that it will switch to a pure bidding system.

In the Paramount case, the government also prohibited an unscrupulous practice called "block-booking." For years the studios had been negotiating package deals, forcing theaters to screen a couple of flops in exchange for the latest Oscar winner. Some exhibitors say that this practice has again reared its head. Distributors profess shock and astonishment at the thought.

"Oh, no," said one horrified ex–sales executive for a major studio. "That's 30-year-old history. No distributor would care a damn about a picture that didn't gross."

But Marvin Goldman, president of the National Association of Theatre Owners, suggested in a recent speech that the studios have indeed returned to the predatory strategies of the forties: ". . . There is more than the customary amount of kowtowing to a distributor's demand on one picture in order to get a second. The practice has become much more frequent. If a theater owner does not agree to terms or extended playing time on a current feature, he can't get the next. Some of this has always been in practice, but the attitude

". . . After spending many years dreading the inroads of television, some studios have, in effect, defected to the enemy . . ."

today is completely adamant without any room for argument."

The controversy over block-booking erupted into legal warfare in July. United Artists Theaters spearheaded a lawsuit against Twentieth Century–Fox, distributor of the fantastically successful *Star Wars*, charging Fox with forcing certain cinemas owned by RKO–Stanley Warner and Mann Theatres into contracts for exhibiting only Fox first-run features.

This isn't to say that exhibitors are all little white lambs. Independent theaters charge that theater chains will sometimes bully distributors into giving them a hot picture despite higher bids by independents. In such cases, say independents, the chain will threaten to forgo future films released by the distributor. Or else it will promise to take a couple of duds. So the sword can cut both ways.

Theater owners must possess finely tuned instincts for the tastes of their local audience. Traditionally, they've been able to prescreen films and assess their appeal before bidding, and this has often been a crucial part of the business. But many theater owners are now flying blind and being forced to bid on unfinished pictures. In some cases, they are effectively financing these pictures by pledging tens of thousands of dollars in nonrefundable "guarantees" on the strength of cast and synopsis alone. In the case of a blockbuster like *Star Wars*, for example, Fox reportedly sought a $50,000 guarantee from every theater. To finance a pair of $25-million extravaganzas—*A Bridge Too Far* and the upcoming *Apocalypse Now*—United Artists got money commitments from movie theaters that virtually safeguard its investment in both films. Based on the sluggish showing of *A Bridge Too Far*, U.A. must feel lucky to have the security of the up-front money for its other war epic.

Theater owners can also consult *Variety* for a picture's box-office performance at comparable theaters around the country, although in the past this has proven something less than a surefire method."Most of *Variety* is lies, absolute lies," says Charlie Carmello, a veteran film production manager now with Gemini Images ad agency. "There's a three- or four-week period of suckering everyone in. When they put a figure of $170,000 in one theater recently, my God, you wouldn't have enough seats. If you charged $50 a person, you couldn't make that much money from one theater." Of course, *Variety* can't hire spies to police the 20,000 screens across America but must rely on data supplied by distributors.

Through this sort of dice-rolling, many New York cinemas dropped thousands last year on box-office duds like *Lucky Lady* and *Nickelodeon*. In their beggarly posture brought about by the product squeeze, theaters have also had to agree to extended first runs of six, ten, or even twelve weeks for pictures they've never seen. (This overexposure on "first run" was what killed many dollar cinemas.) If theaters want to extricate themselves from a long, losing run, they must pay a pull-out fee equivalent to what the film would have earned for the remainder of its stay.

Many editorial writers have focused upon the porno explosion as a symptom of moral degeneracy in America. But there is a simple economic explanation. The product shortage and extortionate rental terms have driven many theater owners into the arms of smut merchants. Porno distributors offer not only product but seductively soft terms: Theater owners can keep the bulk of the box-office gross, and they don't have to fork over guarantees or hold unpopular pictures for prolonged runs. If Hollywood doubled its output of films, many porno houses would gladly switch to family entertainment.

And what of the future? Some film pundits say not to worry, that the business has always suffered its boom-and-bust cycles. But there are reasons to believe that the theaters' present hardships are the first stage of a terminal decline. Again, the explanation has to do with television and the conglomerate control of the majors.

After spending many years dreading the inroads of television, some studios have, in effect, defected to the enemy. The same conglomerates that make films also produce television shows. Some observers note that the peak TV and movie seasons conveniently alternate. When theater attendance tapers off in September, TV ratings soar with the new fall schedule. And for the entertainment conglomerates, a dollar of TV profit is a lot easier to collect than a dollar from movie theaters.

In March, a federal court of appeals ruled that the Federal Communications Commission didn't have the right to regulate pay TV. One upshot of the decision will be that cable TV, along with the major networks, will be able to bid for first-run pictures. The handwriting on the wall is clear. Thousands of atomized theater owners bidding against the concerted strength of "free" or cable TV networks probably won't stand a chance. The distributors will cry all the way to the bank. They'll be able to sell one or a handful of prints instead of several hundred—and be able to make the same money. They'll be able to slash sales personnel, pare down their vast distribution mechanism, and still boost profits.

The thesis that the conglomerates are cannibalizing themselves has been given some credence by the court battle over the Sony Betamax color television tape recorder. Unlike other machines that simply allow a playback of televised films, the Betamax permits permanent taping. Universal Pictures and Walt Disney Productions have been trying to get a court order to stop the sale of these machines, contending that consumers would pirate their copyrighted films and wipe out their resale value.

But apparently not all the studios feel equally threatened. Sony has allied itself with Paramount Pictures in a venture called the Sony-Paramount Home Entertainment Center, which would include the taping technology being combated by Universal and Disney. The strange partnership would suggest that Paramount is content to let the home supplant the theater as the primary distribution outlet. There are also movements afoot by other companies to sell relatively recent feature films in the form of "video discs."

Fortunately, theater owners aren't leaping into the graves being dug for them by the majors. A trade group called the National Independent Theater Exhibitors has declared war against the studios with a campaign to produce low-budget films by pooling funds from theater owners.

I must say I hope it succeeds. Moviegoing is one of the few tribal rituals left in America. The musty smell of the seats, the taste of the popcorn, the giant faces on the screen have all shaped our experience of film. The cinema is one of the few places where we can be close to a crowd and yet keep our urban anonymity intact. I think we'll all miss slouching in that impenetrable darkness. For what will be the chances for fantasy and escape when we sit in our rooms, fiddling with our Japanese machines?

The World's Most Infuriating Crossword Competition

By Jack Iams

> "... The passage of time will be noted on a screen, countdown style. 'It's better not to look,' a tweedy veteran advises me ..."

The couple entering the Piccadilly Hotel just ahead of me make me think of Trevor Howard and Celia Johnson in *Brief Encounter*. Nice-looking, nicely dressed, but just a little bit dowdy and not quite sure of themselves. The Piccadilly is a garish hotel anyway, and on this hot June Sunday afternoon a bus is disgorging tourists into its lobby. Trevor and Celia don't like its looks any more than I do. Nor do they like the looks of the staircase leading down into its bowels.

"Can this be right, do you think?" asks Celia.

"Has to be," says Trevor, without conviction.

I follow them down the stairs, two flights, with growing uneasiness. But once in the bowels, a reassuring sight awaits us: the hotel's grand ballroom—unexpectedly handsome, with crimson carpeting and glittering chandeliers—where already are gathered, half an hour before starting time, a sizable number of the 230 contestants in the last, and biggest, regional final of the London *Times* National Crossword Championship. That's what Trevor and Celia have come to town from the suburbs for—though I would like to think they will have an assignation afterward—and it's what I have come for, too, from the South of France.

To be eligible for today's session, we have had to submit correct solutions to a qualifying puzzle that appeared in the *Times* earlier in the year and to a subsequent, much more difficult "eliminator" puzzle that appeared a few weeks later and was designed to separate the men from the boys. Sample clue: "Craft for three sleepy sailors." One word, five letters. "Sabot." Wynken, Blynken, and Nod's wooden shoe.

I cite this example not to show how clever I am (it will soon become clear how clever I am), but to convey some flavor of the *Times*'s puzzles. Although many, if not most, readers of *New York* are already familiar with the genre from the "World's Most Challenging Crossword," which the magazine has been running for . . . shall we say, jackass's time periods. That's right, donkey's years. (*New York*'s puzzle, of course, is taken from London's *Sunday Times*—not from the daily, but they are much of a muchness.)

So here we all are, looking around the ballroom, sizing each other up. Trevor and Celia have melted into the crowd, which is made up to a considerable extent of other Trevors and Celias. A strong suggestion of academe hangs over the assemblage as well, the men tending toward the pipe-smoking tweedy, the women toward the Chelsea Flower Show. But there is a plentiful sprinkling of Bohemia too—beards, sandals, T-shirts, costume jewelry—mostly on the young side. On the whole, however, middle age predominates, while oldsters are surprisingly few. Well, not so surprisingly. It's to be a grueling stretch, under intense pressure. I wonder if I shouldn't have started training a week ago. Or stayed home.

We check in at a reception desk, forming two lines: one for names starting with A through L, the other with M through Z. For some reason, the A-through-L line has three times as many people in it. Can it be that the great majority of English-crossword addicts have names starting with A through L? Or is it just my knack for getting into the longest lines? No matter. We hand in our certificates of qualification and are given round yellow badges. We are asked if we would prefer a smoking or nonsmoking section, the way they do on airlines. Good thing, in both cases.

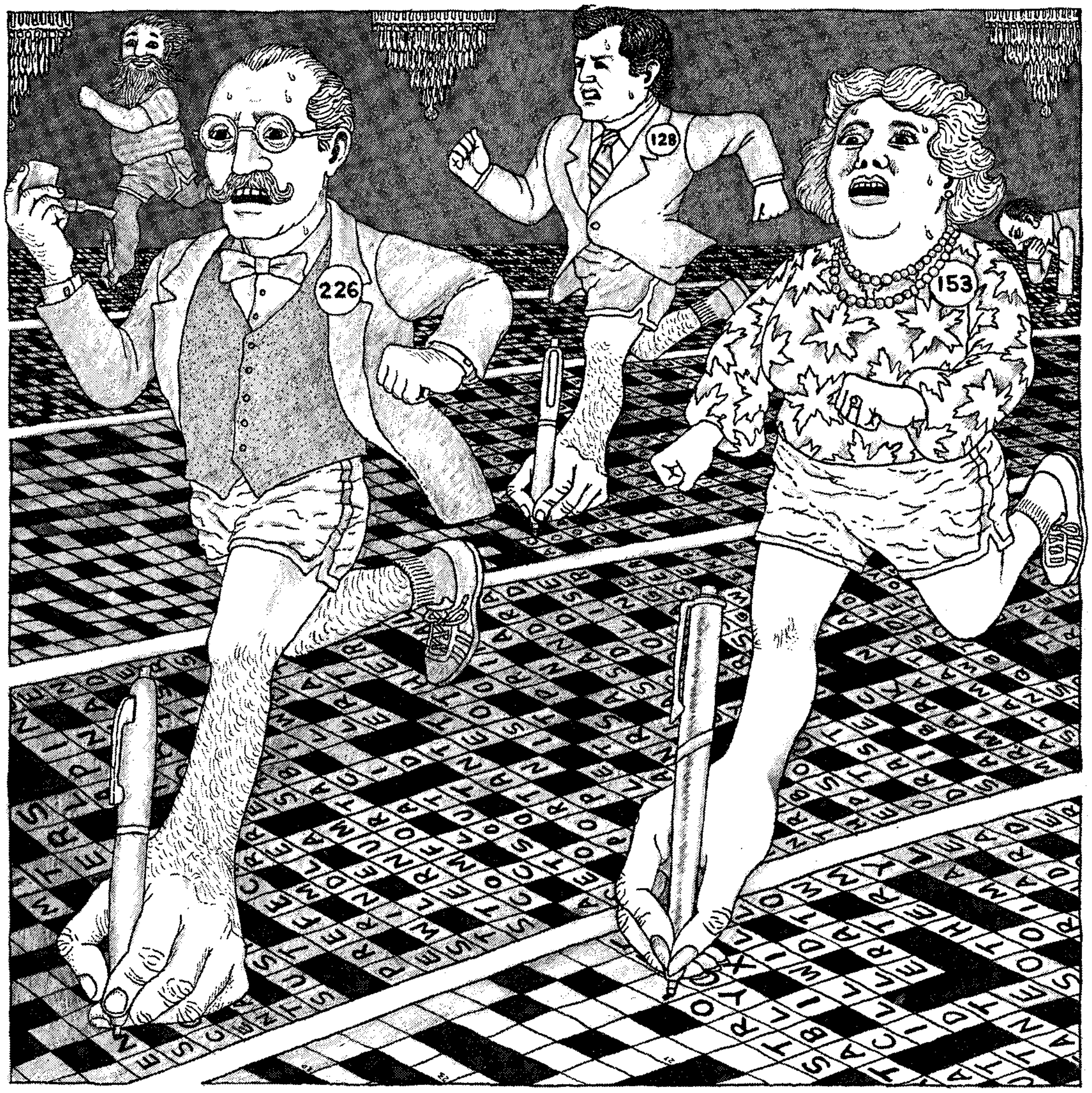
It is almost 1:30, the starting time, by now, and we take our places at long tables, ranged in tiers the length of the spacious ballroom. Each of us is separated from his neighbors by a cardboard partition to prevent peeking, inadvertent or otherwise. I myself can't imagine any of these nice people cheating, but nevertheless, we are sternly warned by the tournament director that anyone asking for, or giving out, information will be automatically disqualified. It takes me back to college.

The tournament director continues with his instructions. There are to be four puzzles, the diagrams, or "grids," of which are already in front of us. The clues for each one will be handed out at the start of play. We will have a maximum of 30 minutes for each puzzle. The passage of time will be noted on a magnified screen at one side of the room, countdown style. ("It's better not to look at it," the neighbor on my right, a tweedy veteran, advises me.)

If you should finish in less than 30 minutes, the director goes on, wave the completed puzzle in the air and one of the tabulators will come and get it. "Do not," he adds firmly, "call to them. It will not be necessary."

Any questions? Yes, please, says a timid voice. Should we use pen or pencil? Either one, just so it's legible. (I notice, however, that almost everybody seems to be using a ball-point, and I am reminded of the ancient joke: "What's an optimist?" "A man who does crossword puzzles with a fountain pen.")

First, there's Wimbledon. Then it's Henley. And in September, there is the final of the London Times *National Crossword Championship. Last year, Jack Iams, who wrote for* Newsweek *for many years and is an almost lifelong devotee of the* Times *crossword, journeyed to London to compete in the championship's last and biggest regional final.*



We are almost ready to begin, but first the crossword editor of the *Times* is introduced. His name and appearance fit the part: Edmund Akenhead—tallish, slenderish, 60-ish, bespectacled, gray-haired, pink-cheeked, and owlish. Straight out of Wodehouse. He is to be the final arbiter of any disputes, he reminds us, and he hopes none of us will behave like the contestant who stormed out of a recent tournament shouting that from now on he would stick to the *Guardian*. We all laugh politely. Mr. Akenhead beams and sits down.

The horses are now at the post. The tabulators—an army of crisp young men and women in white—start moving up and down the long rows, handing out the clues for the first grid. These are placed face down in front of us, and we are on our honor not to turn them up until the word is given.

Go! We turn up the clues, and on the big screen the countdown begins: 30 . . . 29. . . .

I am a long time getting started. . . . 28 . . . 27. . . . Then I spot one: "Told of account returned, overdrawn." It must be, it is, "Related." (Tale backward, in the red.) Then another: "Thoughts for an article written in mid-March." "Ideas." (The article *a* in ides.) At least I have some letters to work with now, but it's sticky going.

Ten minutes have elapsed—the countdown stands at twenty, and I have fewer than a dozen words—when suddenly the man on my left, stocky, well-dressed, curly-mustached, starts waving his puzzle above his head. Can he really have finished it already? He can indeed, and a tabulator has appeared with the speed of a ball boy to take it from him. I could kill him.

Now hands are starting to shoot up all over the room. My neighbor to the right, my friend, who seems to be having as hard a time as I, scowls bitterly at them. So does the man in front of me, who looks remarkably like Teddy Kennedy. Again I am reminded of college examinations, when we all used to boo the kids who finished early.

The countdown has come to an end, and I am about two thirds finished. The tabulators swarm up and down, collecting our answers inexorably. No good asking *them* for just 30 seconds more. Not these grim reapers. As my puzzle is carried away (disdainfully, I suspect), at least six more words leap into my mind. Too late.

There is now a ten-minute break. In the back of the room the correct answers to the first puzzle are available and people are crowding around to look at them, some with satisfied smiles, but more with expressions varying from irritation to despair. As we reassemble, Mr. Akenhead takes the floor again. A question has arisen, he announces, about 25 Across: "Just one of Iago's drowsy medicines." The given answer is "syrup," but he finds that Shakespeare also spelled it "syrop," and so either spelling will be allowed. But the French spelling, "sirop," will not. A contestant objects: "Agatha Christie spells it that way." "I know she does," replies Mr. Akenhead equably. "That is quite beside the point." The contestant subsides, grumbling.

The tabulators have passed out the second set of clues, and the countdown starts again. I feel that I am doing a little better and I am especially proud of getting 15 Down: "Can't be decimalized? Then can't be defended." Answer: "untenable." Not bad. But even as I am preening, the man on my left,

Illustrated by Mark Alan Stamaty

"...I have fewer than a dozen words, when my neighbor starts waving his puzzle. Can he have finished already? I could kill him..."

once again, is waving his puzzle in the air. This time, though, thirteen minutes have passed, which must mean he is slowing down. However, such small solace as I find in this is quickly dissipated when the man on my right, the one I thought was a friend, starts waving *his*. And so, for Pete's sake, does Teddy Kennedy. Traitors!

Again the countdown ends, the puzzles are collected, and again I have managed about two thirds. There is another ten-minute break, and we mill around, chatting. The man on my right says apologetically that he was just lucky. A sharp-nosed lady who has joined us asks, "What in the world was 13 Down: 'Ruritanian players are teetotal?' " "Band of Hope," I say modestly. "Of course!" cries the lady. "How stupid of me!" Her tone suggests, however, that it is not her stupidity but my American accent that rankles. (And I am vain enough to think that not many Americans would have known *both* that Anthony Hope created Ruritania and that the Band of Hope was a British temperance group. My pride needs a little bolstering.)

Back at my seat, I find the man on my left already at work on a puzzle. For a moment I wonder if he has somehow gotten the upcoming one ahead of time and is taking an unfair advantage. But no. "It's the one from today's *Observer*," he explains. "Helps pass the time between the others." I think of the old definition of a drunk: a man who drinks between drinks.

The third set of clues is passed out, and again silence settles over the room. (The countdown, luckily, makes no noise. If it ticked, it would be unbearable.) I feel that I am picking up speed, but I run afoul of 6 Down: "Ink-slinger." I have put in "squid," which seems reasonable, but the correct answer, it turns out, is "sepia." As a result, I am hopelessly snarled. At least neither my left- nor my right-hand neighbor finishes early. Neither does Teddy Kennedy. Ha!

The next break is 40 minutes, during which the promised refreshments are served. These prove to be tea and biscuits. Although the Cutty Sark Scotch people are co-sponsors of the tournament, there is no sign of any whiskey, or other alcohol, on the premises. At the crowded tea counter, I take some comfort in hearing several other people complain that they too had had "squid" for "ink-slinger" with disastrous results. It is not, however, the kind of complaint that can be taken up with Mr. Akenhead, who is seated at a nearby table, protected by a rampart of reference works. At the moment he is fending off a bellicose contestant who has seized the opportunity to protest a definition that appeared in the *Times* six months ago. And he is only too glad of the diversion when I introduce myself. He tells me there are two other American participants, one of whom he spots at the tea counter and calls over. The American proves to be a jovial, outgoing type, a court reporter by profession now attached to a U.S. Army base north of London. His name is Alfred Law and he says he has been a puzzle addict all his life. He got hooked on the British variety long before coming here three years ago.

The other American, Law adds, is a musician who has lived in London for seven years but who isn't here today. However, he introduces me to my left-hand neighbor, who happens by just then (presumably having finished his *Observer* puzzle). His name is Roy Dean, and he admits with disarming frankness that he is a former champion—that, in fact, he was a winner in the first of these tournaments seven years ago. I now don't feel quite so discouraged about those early finishes of his.

The fourth session is about to begin, but Mr. Akenhead has one more announcement first. The solution to 24 Across in the second puzzle—"Girl might appear out of the common"—has been challenged. The given answer, he points out, is "that old crossword standby 'Erica,' " but several contestants have maintained that "Eliza" is just as valid. He doesn't quite agree, says Mr. Akenhead. Still, "Eliza" will be accepted. (This does me no good, having had neither.) On to puzzle number four.

Any wistful hope I might have had that things would seem easier as they went along fails to materialize. In fact, I am doing even worse on this one. What the devil can 9 Down be? "In contract the sole winner, we hear," fourteen letters. The countdown reaches fifteen minutes, and Roy Dean, on my left, starts waving. But my friend on the right is stuck, and so is Teddy Kennedy. One minute to go and suddenly 9 Down comes to me: "Mephistopheles." (The winner of Faust's soul, which we hear as "sole," see?) That one opens up a floodgate of others, but once again, too late. The tabulators are already gathering in the sheaves. And the tournament is over.

Early returns, meanwhile, have been posted in the back of the room, and we can see how we scored on the first three puzzles. (One point is scored for each correct word; so-called time bonus points for early finishing, one for each minute under 30, are added later.) Roy Dean notes with some complacency that he has scored 93 out of a possible 93. There is no cause for complacency, though, about my score: a humiliating 48. Still, as I look at the other scores, I figure it could be worse. Not much worse, maybe, but worse. In fact, I seem to be just about in the middle.

It will be a long wait before the final returns, and only those with hopes of winning are staying around. The others are starting to leave, smiling bravely. Many of them, judging by the way they are looking at their watches, are headed for suburban trains. There is no sign of Trevor and Celia. They must have hurried off to their assignation.

Alfred Law is saying to a pretty girl in horn-rims and a blue smock, "Wouldn't it be a good idea if we had an annual reunion?"

"Not really," says the pretty girl. "What would we have in common except puzzles?"

Outside in Piccadilly, the sun is still shining. For most of us, though, it is more like Mudville after Casey's strikeout. And, since it is Sunday, it will be another hour before we can drown our sorrows.

In Monday morning's *Times* the names of the final winners are published. I am surprised that the name of ex-champion Roy Dean is not among them. (I have a hunch *he* is, too.) First place has gone to a schoolmaster named Edward Hillman, who was the winner last year as well. He not only had a perfect puzzle score of 123 (as did nine others) but 80 time bonus points—80! That meant he had averaged ten minutes for each of the four puzzles. My God, it would take most people ten minutes to fill in the spaces with the answers in front of them.

Still, it is some consolation to learn that only 10 out of the 230 contestants completed all four puzzles. As for my own disappointment at not having won anything, it has a kind of tarnished silver lining. Because even if I had carried off the top prize, do you know what I would have won? A trip to Monte Carlo, which happens to be just down the road from where I live. I would have been willing to trade it in for a trip to Newcastle and a ton of coal. ■

The Search for 'Sam': Why It Took So Long

By Robert Daley

"...Is the New York detective—once considered the world's most sophisticated—no longer able to cope with 'modern' crimes?..."

"The only way this case is going to be broken is if some uniformed cop trips over the guy."
—Detective Robert Leuci
August 6, 1977

☐ On July 29, 1976, Donna Lauria was shot dead by a .44 caliber revolver as she sat with a girl friend in a parked car at night in the Bronx. A year and two days later, Stacy Moskowitz and Robert Violante were shot by the same gun and, therefore, presumably, by the same gunman, his twelfth and thirteenth victims.

Finally, fully 54 weeks after Donna Lauria was slain on her way home from a disco, the police had nabbed a man—David Berkowitz—who they are convinced is the Son of Sam, the notorious .44 caliber killer.

A single gun. A single killer. A case that lingered unsolved for so long as to raise questions that New York's thousands of unsolved lesser crimes—the city's normal harvest, so to speak, of every week, month, year—do not raise.

Why had so many detectives failed?

Whose fault was it?

What was missing? Was it training, equipment, talent, luck?

The city was irritated and afraid. Is the New York detective—once considered the world's most sophisticated—no longer able to cope with "modern" New York crimes?

First of all, the "sophisticated" New York detective of the past was mostly a myth. Often he acquired his coveted gold shield based not on how good he was or how hard he worked, but rather on whom he knew and how well. His sponsor was referred to in police jargon as his "rabbi" or "hook." No training even singled out interrogation techniques as requiring special study, and a good many detectives decided that the best approach was to hurl the suspect over the desk a few times.

Until very recently the Detective Bureau was a kind of feudal dukedom ruled by the chief of detectives, against whom police commissioners moved only at political peril. Influence-peddling in the chief's court prevailed over police skills as late as the tenure of Chief of Detectives Frederick Lussen (1966–71).

Not until Patrick Murphy (1970–73) had been commissioner for more than a year did the detective dukedom begin to collapse. Murphy, growing in confidence day by day, ended the rabbi system by establishing "career-path guidelines" for entry into detective ranks. Henceforth all patrolmen aiming for the bureau had to spend two years in a high-crime precinct, followed by two more years as so-called white-shield detectives in organized-crime control or similar duty.

Murphy had never been a detective, had always resented detective privilege, and in addition had once been a lieutenant in the Police Academy. Under Murphy the bureau was whittled down in size from about 3,000 in 1971 to an elite of 1,800 today. And classroom training became mandatory. Special two-week courses are given several times a year now in each of the specialties: murder, rape, arson, etc. These courses, which have become famous in law enforcement, draw students even from distant police forces. Meanwhile, the criminal-investigator course, which all New York detectives must take, has been scrupulously and even militantly updated every year. It is now three weeks (105 hours) in length. The instructors are law-enforcement stars from the courts, the labs, even from other police agencies. Detectives are taught not only that such specialists exist but how to contact them for help.

Novelist Robert Daley was at one time a deputy police commissioner.

"...The public called in the names of 7,000 suspects, all of them false leads except, perhaps, one–David Berkowitz of Yonkers..."

Every police subject is covered, from the violent to the theoretical. Detectives are taught even incidental skills that were never taught them before: how to take notes and how to handle Nikon cameras and the new, fast films.

By far the largest segment of the instruction—and this was developed only last year under an LEAA grant—is devoted to interrogation, which in the course syllabus is at last recognized as the detective's "most important skill." An outside firm was called in, and the course was developed—an unheard-of thing—around research done by civilians. For sixteen hours, detectives now study different interviewing methods, and they are taught how and when to use them. They then practice on each other in front of video-tape machines, and they criticize their own techniques afterward.

Despite upgraded training, detective morale has been terrible. The department has been shrinking since 1971 and the general feeling was that cutbacks had gone too far. For 26 months ending only last summer, no new detectives were made at all. And the survivors are getting older—and paunchier. The average detective's age is now 45, and many of the best of the city's sleuths have now taken their pensions and resigned for more lucrative jobs in private industry.

However, low morale was remarkably absent in the search for Son of Sam. No one inside the department supposes that detectives working that case suffered from it. Professional detectives are hunters by nature, and this was big game they were after—the biggest—and the adrenaline was flowing. This is what their lives are all about, and all were filled with the hunter's lust.

Or so it was said.

In any event, whether the adrenaline was flowing or not, they were not having much success.

Major investigations have become incredibly complex. In the past, whichever squad "caught" a case worked it to the end. It was considered insulting to supersede a local squad or commander by sending in an elite team, and many cases were worked to the end by less than the department's best. But the major-case squad, formed in 1971, has been superseding routinely ever since. In addition, new squads were formed and continue to be formed in areas of special expertise.

The 300-man Son of Sam task force under Deputy Inspector Tim Dowd, though bigger than most American police departments, was merely one more special squad. It would be disbanded the moment Sam was caught. If he were never caught, then whenever he disappeared from public consciousness. Historically such maniacs do disappear. Jack the Ripper was never captured, nor was the more recent San Francisco Zodiac killer.

Dowd's job, just from a paperwork standpoint, was awesome. The public had called in the names of 7,000 suspects; all of them were false leads except one.

One caller three weeks ago was old Sam Carr, who runs a Yonkers answering service. Some crazy neighbor had shot Carr's dog and the old man was convinced the assailant was the .44 caliber killer. A detective told Carr he would put the complaint in the hopper. No one called the old man back to check out the suspect—an eccentric 24-year-old postal worker named David Berkowitz.

To keep 7,000 names straight, to assign each team of detectives, to file each result—these details alone consumed vast manpower. Dowd's chain of command included an administrative captain and an administrative lieutenant; two field captains, one commanding Dowd's detectives, the other his uniformed men; plus two detective lieutenants and four detective sergeants. Additional lieutenants commanded a number of smaller components.

Incredibly, only about 1,200 names had been checked out before last Wednesday. Dowd could probably have used more men. The trouble was he probably couldn't have handled any more men.

The paperwork was pure drudgery. Obviously it is essential, but it made a different sound than the snapping on of handcuffs.

In the old days detectives were not allowed to own, much less distribute, business cards bearing their names and phone numbers. The police hierarchy was suspicious and fearful of the outside world, and read all kinds of corruption opportunities into the use of simple business cards. Citizens might feel obliged to hand the card back with a $10 bill attached. Or, having kept the card, might use it fraudulently to effect entrée into other police circles.

The street detectives certainly didn't object. A witness couldn't hurt a detective whose name he did not know—nor contact him again either, if new information arose.

But in 1977 business cards are routinely distributed by detectives. The cards contain not only the detective's extension number, but also the number assigned to the investigation in question. The caller, in theory, can reach the correct detective, and the correct case folder, at once.

If the line isn't busy.

In the wake of the Stacy Moskowitz murder two weeks ago, the telephone company recorded 1,000 busy signals an hour on Inspector Dowd's lines. A good many of the calls that did get through came from citizens, most of them extremely loquacious, who wished to contribute not information but advice—usually advice gleaned from some recent TV cop show.

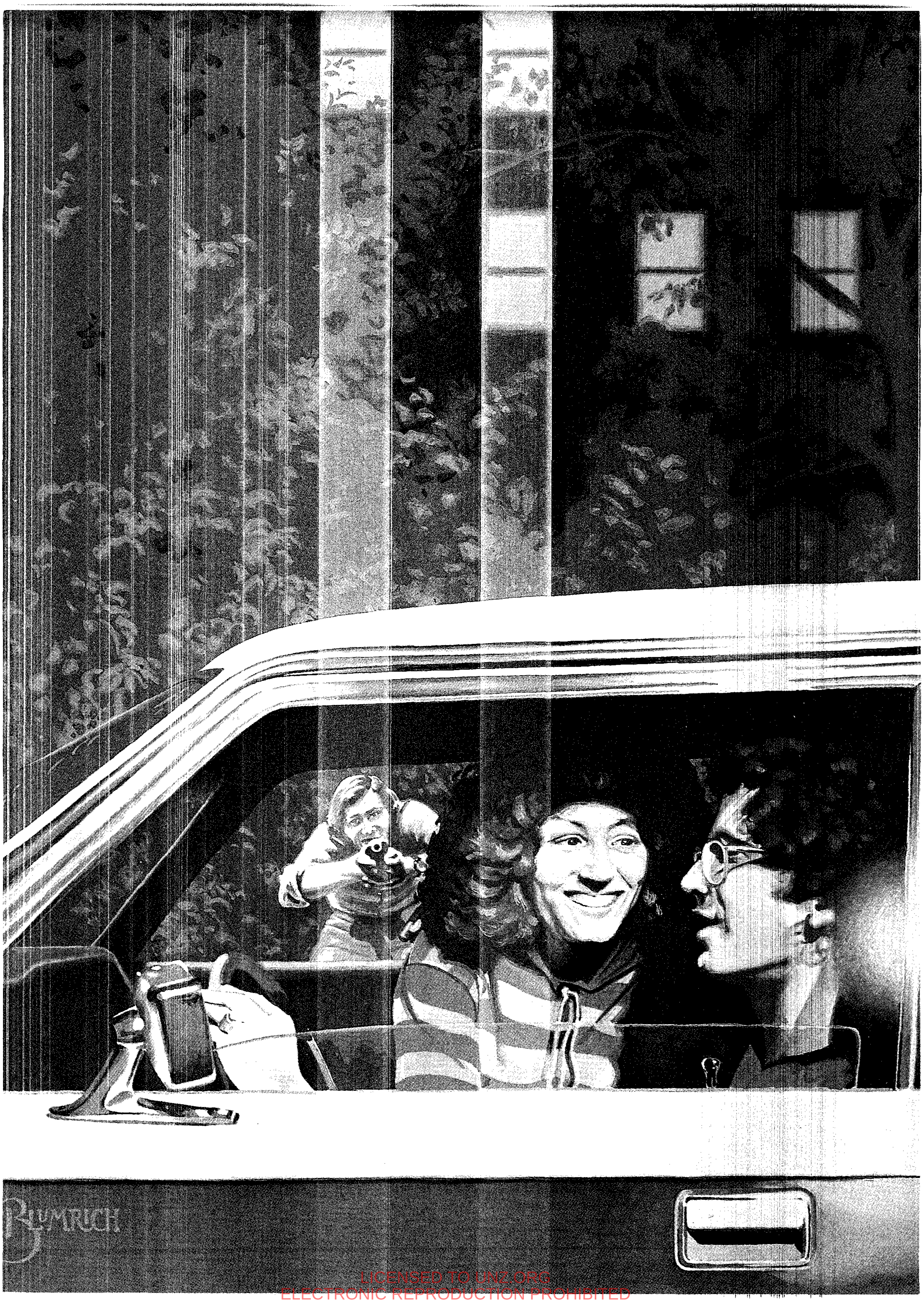
Whatever the public's belief, fingerprints are virtually never found on guns and at crime scenes prints don't abound. Detectives feel themselves lucky to lift a single unsmudged print of a single finger. With this single print, in the past, they could most often do nothing. There was no way to relate the single print to department files except by eye—and there were and are millions of prints in those files.

Time marches on. Gadgets—if you can call them gadgets—now exist. In Queens a detective classifies a print, feeds the information into a machine called Miraquic, which will then display every print it has on file that shows the same characteristics. The prints are compared manually, and the perpetrator's card found—if it is there. At the moment this system works only in Queens and it is programmed only with local Queens criminals, mostly burglars.

On the fifth floor of police headquarters, a different system occupies most of three rooms. It is a McDonnell Douglas laser scanner. The laser beam scans a single print and matches it against four fingerprint cards a second.

Again, the perpetrator's card must be in the file first. He must have been, previously, a criminal. But there is no proof that Son of Sam ever committed a single criminal act apart from the numerous murders.

There is a good deal more space-age gadgetry. Voice-print machines are being tried. In Manhattan, a system known as CATCH is being tested. The ma-



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Kings: 8 mg."tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76
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MERIT
Kings & 100's

"...Finally, a traffic cop tripped over Sam. The catch—modern training and space-age gadgetry to the contrary—was routine..."

chine is programmed with microfilmed mug shots of known criminals. If the victim or witness can provide a description of the criminal in a specific case, this description is fed into the machine by numbered code—and out pop, say, 20 or 30 photos matching that description. It is a good deal quicker and less mind-numbing than making the witness plow through hundreds of photos in an album. Again, Son of Sam's photo had to be in the machine first, before CATCH could catch him. Presumably the CATCH technicians never turned up the name Berkowitz.

On the eighth floor of the Police Academy, ballistics detectives now examine about 16,000 bullets a year—32 of them during the past 54 weeks from the .44 caliber Charter Arms revolver belonging to Son of Sam.

There are no laser scanners in ballistics, no automated search techniques at all. Ballistics is the science of matching a test bullet to one recovered from a corpse or a wall. The one bullet is pure, with perfect grooves. The other is to a greater or lesser degree deformed—most look like a mushroom—and no machine has yet been invented that can cope with these deformities. McDonnell Douglas has tried, NASA has tried—for some reason space researchers are also in the forefront of criminal research—and Grumman is trying now. One new technique, unsatisfactory so far, is to bombard the two bullets with colors and then match the colors.

Meanwhile, bullets are classified by caliber and by "twist," and after that by memory and by eyesight. Captain Charles Rorke, commander of the Scientific Research Division, contends that 16,000 bullets a year is "not so many bullets that we can't do it manually." Rorke's men had the only real success before the killing of Stacy Moskowitz: They matched Sam's second murder to his first, and then they matched all subsequent ones, and they managed to determine from one or two mutilated bullets the make and model of Sam's gun.

For 54 weeks all this had meant to them was more work, for they had to check out every .44 caliber Charter Arms revolver—hundreds of them—that Dowd's detectives tracked down, none belonging to Sam.

Elsewhere in the Police Academy stands a scanning electron microscope that cost $125,000. It makes very large blowups of very small things. It can be used to compare two pieces of wire, for instance, or two pieces of hair.

When used with an energy-dispersive X-ray attachment, the electron microscope gives a quantitative and qualitative analysis of minute particles. It can identify globules of barium and antimony on the trigger finger and hand of a shooter, provided he is caught quickly enough and his hand swabbed with nitric acid. It is also useful in determining from residue on the target the distance at which a shot was fired. It can determine whether particles around a hole in clothing came from a bullet passing through or from moths.

The crime lab is full of new machines, all of them marvelous. They just weren't, under the circumstances, marvelous enough. They couldn't give up the names and addresses of the killer; in the last few weeks the scores of searching detectives were interested in almost nothing else.

The Son of Sam case seemed to many detectives, on the surface, simply hopeless. Said Chief of Detectives John Keenan early last week: "There are three possibilities: first, the unlikely prospect that he will give himself up. Second, and this is difficult to contemplate, that he stumbles and is caught in the act. The third is that we get him through investigative work."

Then Keenan said: "He can strike at will, whenever and wherever he wants, and for no particular reason. He's holding all the cards."

Said Inspector Dowd: "There are investigative ways, but they are long, long-term things."

Dowd knew more about Sam than he has admitted. He may have had Sam's fingerprint. He appears to have believed Sam once drove a taxi, for recently he sent two female detectives—judged better able to withstand such drudgery than men—down to the hack bureau to comb through tens of thousands of hack licenses.

But Dowd's main and virtually only hope was his 7,000-name bank account. If the Son of Sam was in there, then one morning whichever detectives constituted that day's team would be handed it, and they would begin to learn everything about the suspect that could be learned from a distance. They would check other police agencies looking for a criminal past. They would ask the armed forces for his service record, if any. They would turn up his driver's license, his telephone number, his credit rating.

If they found any evidence anywhere of a gun, then their blood would begin to race, and they would move up closer. They would wait outside the suspect's house, study his face and demeanor, and then they would confront him.

Dozens of times a suspect, once confronted, provided a tight alibi for one or more of the killings. The detectives apologized, slumped away, and marked one more dossier closed.

Even if the suspect could not provide an alibi, he could not be arrested. Detectives can only go on tailing indefinitely—which is terribly expensive. Terribly inconclusive too. Three shifts a day. At least two detectives per shift.

One detective said soberly: "All we can do is keep everybody busy and hope we're doing something right."

At every crime scene, not just Sam's murder sites, you can see them if you look—flocks of cops noting down the license numbers of every parked car in the vicinity. This is one of the oldest and most automatic investigatory techniques known to New York detectives. They have been doing it since the dawn of the age of the getaway car.

The reasoning is obvious. Perhaps the criminal, disturbed by something, was unable or unwilling to go back to his car, was forced to leave the area on foot.

But Sam did drive away each time, and all this work seemed wasted.

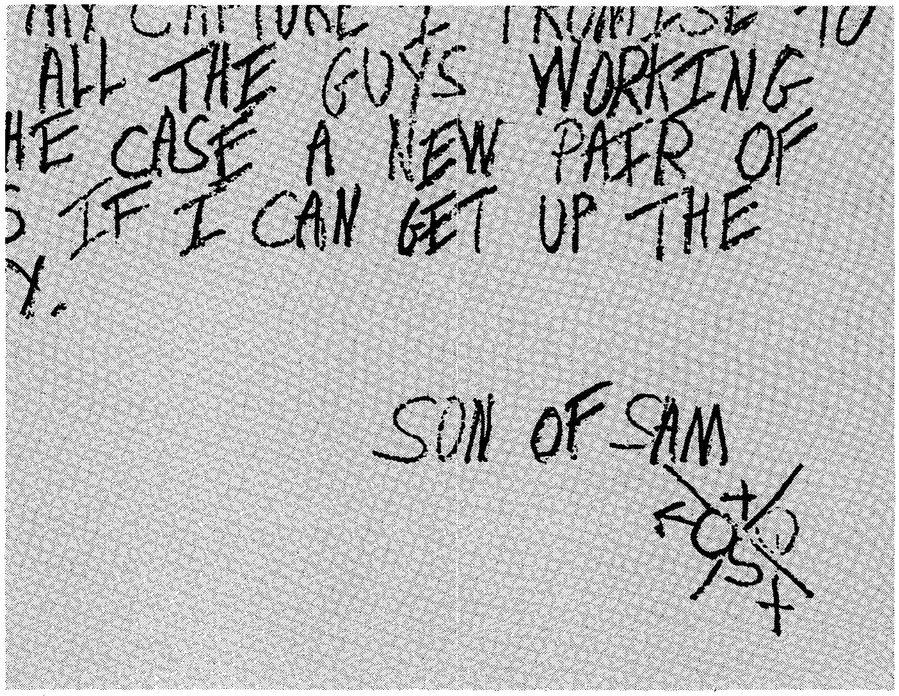
A parallel and equally automatic technique is to attempt to locate any cars parked nearby at the time of the crime, but not afterward. One interrogates witnesses—"Did you see any car leaving, a squeal of tires, perhaps?" And, since the criminal has almost always driven up and then departed in a hurry, one researches the parking-summons files. One tracks down every illegally parked car within walking distance on the night of the crime. One gathers facts about the car and its owner, and the less business it seems to have had in that spot at that time, the faster a detective's heart begins to beat.

And so, in the end, a traffic cop did in fact trip over Son of Sam. Unable to find a parking space for his Ford Galaxie on the night he killed Stacy Moskowitz, he had parked several blocks away, too close to a hydrant.

The catch—modern training and space-age gadgetry to the contrary—was routine. ■

The Educated Guess—Hit or Myth?

"…'This specimen is terrifying. I will certainly become a target if I come close in detail,' said the handwriting expert…"



MY CAPTURE I PROMISE TO
ALL THE GUYS WORKING
HE CASE A NEW PAIR OF
S IF I CAN GET UP THE
Y.

SON OF SAM

This detailed characterization of Son of Sam was produced by an internationally recognized handwriting analyst and was delivered to us by courier only two hours before David Berkowitz was arrested. Our graphologist is one of the very few experts capable of working accurately with the printed word: The analyst spent eighteen years unmasking espionage cases for a government agency; has worked with both police and large law firms identifying criminals, many of whom are now behind bars; has published 40 books on graphology in six languages; and has over 45 years' experience.

Within one hour of beginning work on a copy of the letter sent to Jimmy Breslin (excerpt right), the graphologist called to say, "This specimen is terrifying. In all my years of work I have never encountered so dangerous a character. Before I go any further I must have your assurance that I will not be identified as the person who analyzed this writing. I will certainly become a target if I come close in any detail."

Judge for yourself how close this analyst came:

The person who wrote this letter is an extremely dangerous and emotionally seriously disturbed individual of above-average although not brilliant intelligence. This is a male with some experience in life, suggesting that he is between the ages of 25 and 35. He was brought up in an English-speaking country, and the formation of his *4* and his *8* suggest that he could be of Canadian background. Although a training in mechanical drawing in the States would teach him to use this type of numbering, it is more frequently found in Canadian schoolbooks. He had some type of religious training as a child, and his formal education goes at least as far as high school. He could have learned some medium-level profession, probably of a mechanical nature because, as the formation of his letters and the pressure of his writing show, he has a pronounced manual dexterity. He undoubtedly has one or several other handwritings which are more spontaneous and expressive of his character than this sample's careful printing. The writer is hiding his personality behind a façade of print, but a number of traits can be deduced:

In quiet moments he is able to think clearly and logically, although the contents of his thoughts may be weird or threatening. He can be systematic in his approach and is extremely articulate when expressing himself. He is an alert, astute, and careful observer of details and can readily piece together information he has read or heard. He should be able to handle numbers and calculate quite well. In a job he can be quite meticulous, although he may do it in his own style. He is persistent and has considerable patience. Whatever he does he executes with great deliberation and caution. He likes to work alone, resenting any interference. It is quite possible that he is currently working on a job such as mechanics or accounting.

This person is emotionally immature and extremely complex. He has a paranoid personality, is self-centered, and has a strongly developed ego with a powerful but unconscious desire to attract attention. He is suffering from intense feelings of inferiority and anxiety that are probably due to unfortunate childhood experiences, and which he tries to repress by assuming a self-assured and courageous demeanor. He is both defensive and resentful, and has an unusually strong amount of aggression that requires an intermittent outlet.

Sexually this man is ambivalent—he has leanings toward his own sex,

The text printed here has been edited for readability only. No details, either right or wrong, have been added or deleted.

ut is unaware of this or unable to dmit it to himself, and so feels sexu- lly frustrated and is compulsively earching for satisfaction.

This person has two very different spects to his personality: The one is his içade—calm, composed, fairly reason- ble, even smiling behavior. The other a man propelled by compulsive urges act out his anger through extremely ggressive actions, which could be as rastic as killing. These explosive ac- ons provide him with a certain satis- iction, which he remembers later, par- cularly as it has (in his mind) boosted is feelings of self-importance. The tar- ets of his explosive actions are prob- bly symbols of female images (mother r girl friend) who have thwarted him the past and wounded his pride in n almost irreparable manner. I would ot be surprised if this man masturates after these aggressive actions.

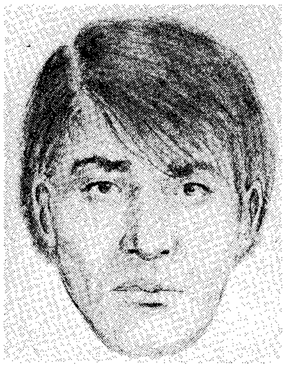
This man feels haunted and perse- uted, and has developed a strong need r safety and self-protection. At the ightest indication of real or imagin- ry attack, he will strike out at the erson he considers to be his aggressor. le has no compunction as to the means e uses, but his manual dexterity sug- ests that he would use a gun.

He lives in a state of reversed reli- ious values in which the underworld— lades—has taken over. He has formed religion based on a synthesis of the ross, which symbol serves to justify is deeds, and the sex symbols, his wn personal justification. This joint mbol appears in the letter with a st of fictitious names—possibly his naginary disciples. His inner mental ate is so severely disturbed that he iaybe hears voices—like the voice of Sam"—which command his aggressive cts. I do not believe that this man's ither was called Sam, but that Sam is is "god" and by calling himself Son f Sam he becomes the "son of god." ith these justifications he feels no re- iorse about his killings.

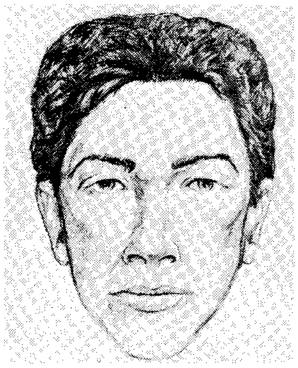
Physically this man is large and quite rong. From the handwriting I deduce sociopathic personality living the life f a recluse, whose contacts with other eople are restricted and lack any emo- onal content. He may have found an cceptable social niche—a nice apart- ient, possibly even marriage—but he most secretive and is not likely to onfide in anybody. This and the fact iat when he goes out on his dangerous scapades he instinctively covers his acks carefully are part of his auto- iatic self-protective mechanism. He is ot a man to arouse any suspicion mong his neighbors. He will indeed e extremely difficult to track down. ■

The Innocent Face Of Evil

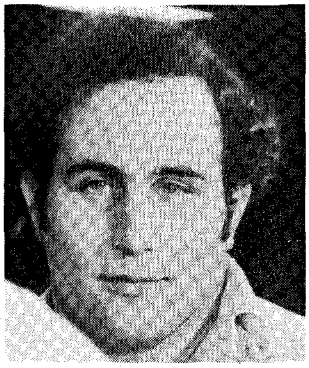
UPI



Early composite sketch: December 9, 1976.



Latest composite sketch: August 9, 1977.



The accused, David Berkowitz: August 11, 1977.

Veteran police officers did not expect the Son of Sam drawing to help much. Like the personality profiles that psychologists often publish in the hunt for a mass killer, an artist's sketches seldom do more than placate the public. Unless the artist works with a calm witness who has had a very good look, the sketch gets distorted by the sense of horror at the killer's acts.

The Son of Sam profile is a classic example. By the second portrait, he was visibly a creep. One look at that drawing and you'd never suspect David Berkowitz, 24, the cherub working at the Bronx General Post Office. The picture is a psychological interpretation of a mad killer.

An occasional success, a hit or near miss now and then, keeps alive the myth that artists and psychologists can help when hard police work fails. The biggest success in the history of such efforts came 21 years ago in New York. Stumped in their search for the Mad Bomber, George Metesky, detectives turned to psychiatrist James A. Brussel.

"He goes out of his way to seem perfectly proper, a regular man," Brussel told them. "He wears no ornament, no jewelry, no flashy ties or clothes. He is quiet, polite, methodical, prompt. . . . One more thing: When you catch him he'll be wearing a double-breasted suit. And it will be buttoned."

Mad Bomber Metesky, when caught, fitted almost every detail of Brussel's profile, down to the double-breasted suit that he kept neatly buttoned.

But a full committee of psychiatrists and psychologists failed in their efforts to profile the Boston Strangler. They even concluded that the strangler was two killers, but neither bore close resemblance to Albert DeSalvo, the married construction worker who finally confessed to choking both old and young women.

Among mass killers, Son of Sam resembles Edmund Emil Kemper III, self-described as the "Co-ed Killer" of Santa Cruz, California. He began his bloody career as a child by torturing and killing animals, and later fantasized about killing his mother. While still a boy, he would sneak around the streets at night to stare at women and fantasize about making love with them. But even then, his fantasies turned to killing them. The fantasies became reality. In one year, between the springs of 1972 and 1973, he shot, stabbed, and strangled eight women before cutting off his mother's head and killing a friend of hers.

Stanford University psychologist Donald T. Lunde, a murder and sex researcher, reported in *Psychology Today* that sexual murderers "rarely have criminal records for lesser sex offenses such as exhibitionism or voyeurism, nor are they homosexuals. If they have a previous record, it is most likely for offenses of burglary. These earlier offenses against property appear to be symbolic rehearsals for the later ones against persons."

Once a mass killer is caught, psychologists and police can quickly spot the peculiar ideas and experiences that led to his bloody madness. We would all be nervous about a man, even one with a fresh and innocent look, who takes orders from a dog. But until patient police work connects the face with the deed, we imagine the killer to be a gaunt degenerate who in no way looks like us or shares our common quirks.

In the Bronx General Post Office cafeteria, Theresa Graziano ate lunch with David Berkowitz and talked about mundane things like the hard work. Though terrified for months by Son of Sam, Ms. Graziano never connected her colleague with the mass murderer. "He talked," she recalls, "like anyone else."

—T. George Harris

The, Uh, Madcap Wasp Comedian

By Janet Coleman

"...Since he hosted *The Tonight Show* and *Saturday Night*, Steve Martin's cult following is fast becoming a national fan club..."

Downtown at the New School for Social Research, Professor Richard Brown's media class is overflowing with dressed-up-for-night-school females of all ages. It seems like only yesterday that Alfred Kazin taught Melville in the same auditorium. Now courses at the New School all resemble game-show categories. Tonight in media class we are expecting a special guest from show business, the zany, madcap comic with the gray hair and the $1.1-million deal from Paramount: Steve Martin. Steve will appear right after the regular schoolwork: a critique of the weekend's TV shows.

Professor Richard Brown is a New School headliner: He is dressed in denim vest and jeans, a tattersall shirt, and has developed a snazzy technique with his hand mike (he works the cord a lot). After his opening jokes ("Thank you for attending Richard Brown's summer camp for adults"), he grows serious, very academic. Humor, a subject the class has dealt with frequently in its media and television studies, Brown claims, has been in a state of disrepair. Recently, however, a few new comedians have been "making a name for themselves," in particular "one young man . . . played *The Tonight Show* . . . concerts and clubs . . . really unique . . . not Jonathan Winters . . . but someone in the mold . . . one-hour show on Home Box Office . . . devastating . . . Steve Martin." The audience applauds vigorously, but Brown holds them off. He still wants to say something. "In his act . . . comments on show biz . . . only person to understand . . . can do a kind of delicate parody . . . completely devastates me . . . like on a tightrope . . . jumps to complete slapstick . . . and never misses a beat . . . completely mad . . . madness of genius . . . let's give a warm welcome to . . ."

Finally Steve Martin strolls out from the wings in a dapper open-necked black Italian silk shirt. He is not wearing his bunny ears tonight. He has no arrow through his head. He is not here for a performance, but a scholarly mission. Yet he gets a laugh on his first syllables: "Hello."

The unsolicited laughter is just one symptom of his ballooning popularity. Since he hosted both *The Tonight Show* and NBC's *Saturday Night*, his cult following is fast becoming a national fan club.

Michael Elias met Martin when they were both writers on *The Pat Paulsen Show*, and is the only comedy writer with whom Martin occasionally works out material. At a concert at L.A.'s Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Martin received a standing ovation, Elias reports. A large group of the standees, in further tribute, were wearing arrows through their heads. "When did you ever see a comic get a standing ovation?" Elias asks appreciatively. "I haven't seen anything so unusual since I saw an audience get up for Robert Frost." He tries to approximate the intense ooh-and-aahing that rose from the poetry crowd as Frost delivered each poem's first line. He wipes off imaginary eyeglasses, sips imaginary water. "The road not taken," Elias croaks.

Now at the New School, Steve is hardly seated before Professor Brown unveils his Steve Martin imitation. "I love the way he says 'Excuu-uuse mee,' " Brown noses. Martin smiles tolerantly. Inner sources seem to neutralize the gut reaction: "Get me outta here."

Indeed, he carries off the hour with dignity and charm, giving us the kind of inside information about a stand-up comedian's life that could get us an A on our New School term paper on media. He describes growing up in ultraconservative Orange County, California. ("We were very middle-class. My whole orientation to comedy was very secret. I think that's the premise of my whole act. You're laughing with a close friend at some nuance or subtlety. But you can't ex*plain* it to someone.") He recalls long hours spent locked in a room at CBS with his writing partner, Bob Einstein (Officer Judy on *The Smothers Brothers Show*, the brother of Albert Brooks). The posh conditions backstage when you're playing Vegas. The elephant turds he once had to follow onstage in Sparks, Nevada.

Throughout, he is so modest, so dispassionate about himself, that at one point Professor Brown remarks with

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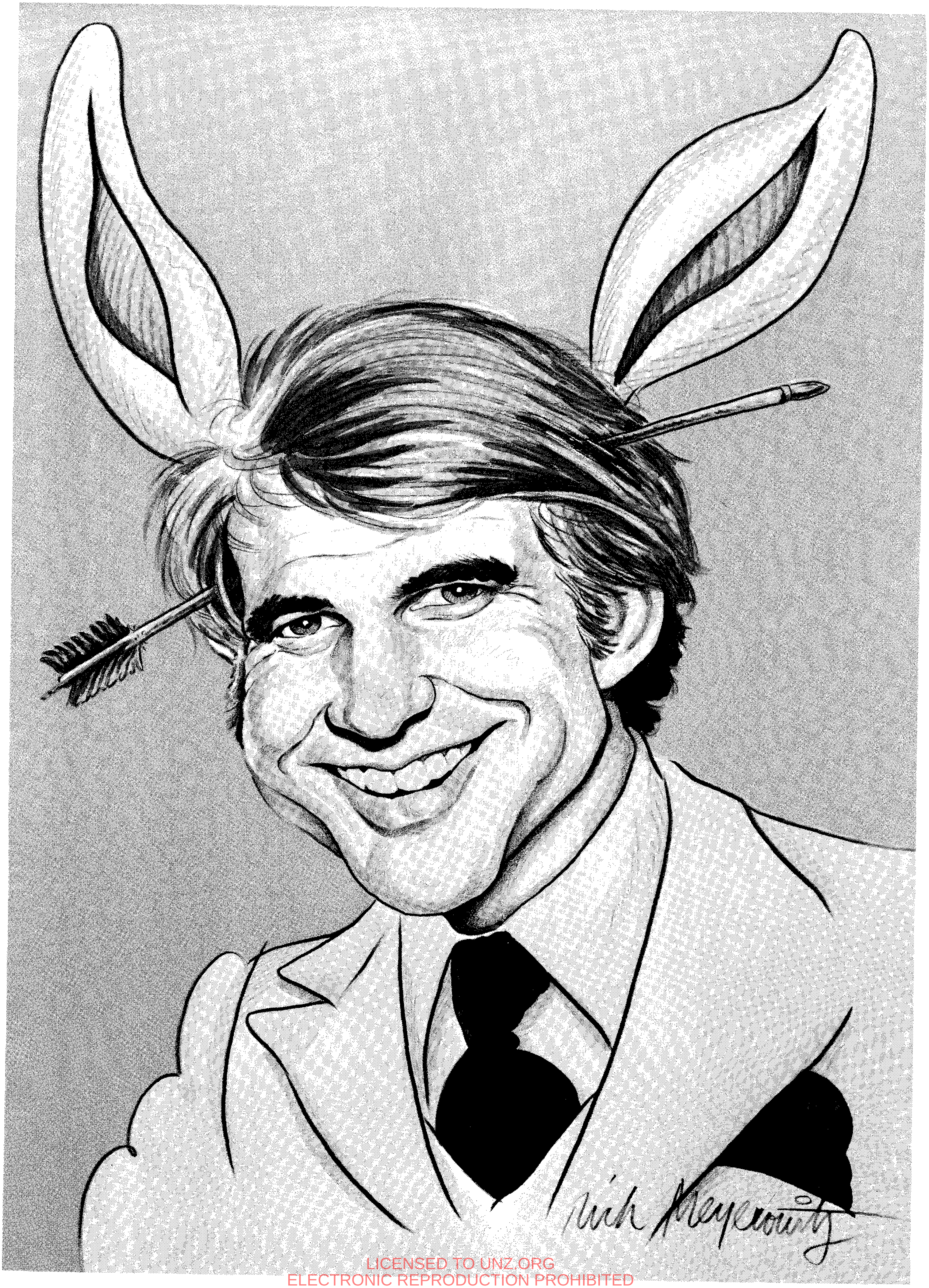
Janet Coleman is a New Yorker exiled in Los Angeles, where she is writing and performing comedy with her partner, David Dozer.


Rick Meyerowitz

"...Martin, with his important-looking gray hair and natty suit, looks like a leading man. Up close you see the goofy-lines..."

not a little disappointment, "You're supposed to be zany!"

"The thing I like about him is he's never 'on,' " gratefully says Mike Elias, who has written comedy material for many a comedian with that other, exhausting, manic kind of energy. Now finishing the main course of a splurge at the Four Seasons, Elias reflectively tastes the sauce on everyone's plate and compares it to the mustard cream on his gravlax. "He understands comedy is as serious a business as, say, dentistry. No, say, poetry. Say poetry."

"He's a normal, nice boy when he's not on camera," says Paul Block, a talent coordinator for *The Tonight Show*. Block has spent a Las Vegas weekend observing a vacationing Steve Martin perform such unusual acts for a comedian as helping his date to her chair. "Put a camera on him and he explodes into something." "He can fade into the woodwork off camera," says Howard Papush, also of *The Tonight Show*.

"He's a sweet guy who has created for himself a character and an image. And he writes material for himself in that image. But off camera he's as normal as . . ." Paul Block is thinking it over. "Don Rickles," he finally says.

I brush past Helen Reddy's bodyguard toward Steve Martin's dressing room between shows at the Westchester Premier Theatre, where he is performing the opening act for Ms. Reddy. Martin has a line for latecomers: "Do you know how many polyesters were killed to make that suit?" he admonishes them. In Westchester, the joke was on Martin. Except for ardent pockets of his fans, everyone there had killed a polyester. Under portraits of Frank and Buddy, Steve 'n' Eydie, you can top off dinner in the theater lobby with a Hereford Cow. They carry every flavor.

Entering his dressing room, Martin seems a little irked. "I hate to compromise the show. Out there it's half old ladies and half fans. I have to appeal to the fans . . . and I have to not ostracize the people. It's just show business," he sighs. "It's not always a creative act out there."

He has neatly closeted his own trademark—a white $600 suit (he doesn't sit around in it)—and poured himself a glass of coconut-orange juice. Offstage and on the television screen, Martin, with his important-looking gray hair and his natty suit, looks like a leading man. Up close you see the goofy-lines that make him a comedian. "I used to wear long coats. I had long hair and I wore turquoise *neck*laces and *con*cho belts," he says with hyperbolic, Benny-esque inflections. "I used to wear band uniforms. A band coat. It was just the typical way you'd dress in 1969."

Martin has a reputation for being a vegetarian. Actually, tonight he's having the lobster tails. (I already know the kitchen at the Westchester Premier Theatre serves canned green beans. I can imagine the vegetable selection in Sparks, Nevada.) "I went from the hippie clothes to the tuxedo. The old kind, the kind with wing collars and the bow tie that you can see all the way around the back. All old-style." His next and very astute inspiration was to have the white suit custom made. (You can't be a star in a wing-collar tuxedo. Ask Irwin Corey.) Besides, "it turned out to be a *prac*tical thing because you know it makes you more visible onstage."

Steve Martin has been perfecting his comedy act for some twelve years, since he was a nineteen-year-old philosophy student at Long Beach State College in Southern California. ("I'm a real odd production for my parents.") He flirted seriously with teaching philosophy. ("Favorite philosophers? I had a lot of favorites, but I ended up with Sartre, Wittgenstein, and Kant. Kant for metaphysics, Sartre for ethics, and Wittgenstein for leaving philosophy.")

Starting with a five-minute vaudeville act at Knott's Berry Farm, then a "banjo-magic act" at Disneyland, he soon began to play the coffeehouses with other West Coast folkies. Almost immediately he was recruited as a comedy writer for the Smothers Brothers. "At that time it was considered great to be young. They didn't care if you were talented or not. Just young." He went on to write for other big network variety shows, Sonny and Cher's, John Denver's, and so on, while moonlighting as a performer on the syndicated shows and all the local talk shows.

Television writing taught him discipline and the mechanics, the craft, of comedy. But Martin decided to quit writing for other performers when he was 25, to make it on his own. It wasn't the easiest decision. He had been earning more than $1,500 a week since he was 22.

The psychiatrist Steve Martin went to to avoid the draft told him that he had "a very, uh, sane sense of money. That it didn't bother me. That I liked having it." He admits that having money then was more fun that it is now."You know, a $200 stereo was a big expensive thing. So it was great. And they were taking the withholding out. It's not like now."

Now *he* runs the mansion, and the upkeep on his own career is staggering. (With a white suit, it costs a pretty penny just to keep his costume clean.) Still, he has acquired a solar-heated house in Aspen, and he collects nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American paintings. This summer he was in Paris, eating, and collecting art. He stays at the "best or a decent hotel" wherever he travels, and makes long-distance calls to friends every night. Once he bought an $8 bar of soap.

A lady in a makeup store recommended the soap. A girl friend, snooping around in Martin's bathroom, discovered it and was appalled. "It's not that the soap costs $8," Martin tried to explain, "it's that $8 is nothing. No matter if it's for a cigarette. I mean, $8. It's so meaningless." Martin seems to slip away into his thoughts. Even now he is polishing off lobster tails. "I'll probably lose half my audience," he mutters, and rests his fork.

Martin's satirical persona—the overly and insincerely winning show-biz wiseacre, "the Ramblin' Man" who wears a suit—began to take shape during his early road years, as an aesthetic defense against performing his act in 18,000-seat auditoriums filled with screaming dopers who had come to see a rock group. "Back then they didn't know what a comedian was," he remembers, still annoyed by the ritual sloppiness and inattention of the "love generation" audience.

As a performer who prefers the concert form to nightclubs for its aesthetic distance from the audience, it also drives Martin crazy that people love to steal his props as souvenirs. "I feel it's a personal assault," he says. Once Martin's banjo and all his props were stolen from the trunk of his car. "It was stuff I'd had for nine, ten years. All these little props. I'm sure these stupid jerks opened it up and there's this big phone and bunny ears." Martin almost smirks. But not quite. "Some of the stuff I couldn't replace, 'cause they don't *make* 'em anymore. Like the giant phone I used a lot. Right. That's where I read the *phone* book and try to make people laugh by resorting to *props*."

Martin's comedic inspirations were

“everybody I liked when I was a kid”: Jack Benny, Abbott and Costello, Laurel and Hardy, Red Skelton, and the solo movies of Jerry Lewis. Later, he admired the anarchic qualities of Rip Taylor. He liked Steve Allen’s “free form, the cackling, the ability to ad-lib.” He remembers listening “over and over and over” to Nichols-and-May records and can still hear Nichols’s phrasing in his own delivery.

He speaks with satisfaction about “weeding out the pretentious s - - t,” trying, in fact, “purposefully to weed out anything that has, uh, a legitimate meaning in my act.”

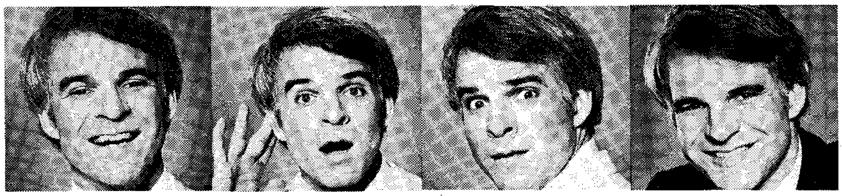
In any case, he has fashioned a completely original act for a stand-up comedian, very visual, very physical, very Dada.

His own ambitions, though, are now focused on movies. Soon, Paramount will release his maiden voyage for it, a film short called *The Absent-Minded Waiter*, a piece of conceptual craziness more reminiscent of Buñuel than, say, Mel Brooks. It wouldn’t be fair to give away the plot, but the piece might just become popular enough to revive an old art form, the comedy short. Should that revolution in film-financing not take place, Martin, in collaboration with Carl Gottlieb, has just finished a feature script for Paramount, the second part of its deal with him. It is called *Easy Money*, about a guy who makes a killing marketing a fad. If consummated, Martin’s Paramount deal will run into the millions, but picture deals can, and do, go up in smoke. And Martin is nothing if not sophisticated in the politics of show business, the importance of “career management.” He is only too wary of fizzling too fast, of exhausting his material, of burning himself out on television.

Still, one can’t resist asking, “If you were NBC, who would you pick to replace Johnny Carson, you or Chevy Chase?”

Martin chuckles. “Well, I don’t think either of us wants the job. Because Carson is unique. He’s so good. When I sit behind that desk—and then I watch Johnny the next night—I feel like a fifth-grader. And, uh, it’s not my thing *and it’s not* Chevy’s thing. I talked to Chevy one time; he said, ‘Who wants to sit around and talk to someone about their book you’ve never read?’ And Johnny can handle it and it’s great and it’s . . . it wouldn’t be right for me.”

“The next Johnny Carson,” of course, is only a canard, really only a term for “hot.” It is interesting, however, that this phrase has never been applied to any of the more ethnically oriented young comedians. Not to mention comedians of the Negro persuasion.



HARRY LANGDON

Steve Martin Onstage

The following is a Steve Martin sampler. Please bear in mind, however, that without benefit of his inflections, gestures, timing, or visual pieces and punctuation (juggling, banjo-playing, balloon tricks, spitting, gagging, etc.), Martin’s material is a little like peach melba without the peaches. **—J.C.**

□

“Welcome to the show, folks. My name is Steve Martin. I’ll be out here in just a minute. . . . It’s great to be here in Tarrytown, because, I tell you, I love the surf. We’ll be starting in just a few moments. I’m just waiting for the drugs to take effect.”

□

“You know, I figured out one thing that would totally put an end to show business. That is, if the human race, instead of having two arms, just had one arm. Right in the center of our body. The reason it would put an end to show business is, how would people clap? [He attempts to clap.]”

□

“My doctor told me I have to take up smoking. He said I wasn’t getting enough *tar*. The fun part of smoking is deciding what brand to smoke. ’Cause there are so many different kinds. You know, Virginia Slims is a woman’s cigarette, right? What do they have? Like, little breasts on them or something? Smoking only bothers me in a restaurant. If I’m eating. And someone says, ‘Do you mind if I smoke?’ And I say, ‘No, do you mind if I *fart?* It’s one of my *hab*its.’ ”

□

“I gave my cat a bath the other day. I always heard you weren’t supposed to give cats baths. But my cat came home and was real dirty, so I decided to give him a bath. And it was great. So, if you have a cat, don’t worry about it. They love it. He sat there and enjoyed it. And it was fun for me. Oh, the fur would stick to my tongue a little bit. . . .”

□

“I’m into conservation now. When President Carter came out and gave the speech, I sort of examined my life and I was really proud. I just have a couple of light bulbs and a small car, and I live in a solar house. So I figure, *heyyy*, you know, I’m entitled to a little indulgence. So what I do, once a year, I go out and set a forest fire.”

□

“Oh, I did buy a stereo. That’s the one thing. ’Bout a month ago. Really fantastic. *Two* speakers. Wo-ow. And then a couple of days later I heard the quad system, with the four speakers. And I said, ‘Heyyy, this is *for me.’* So I’m listenin’ to them one day and I say, ‘Hey, this sounds terrible.’ So I got rid of that and I got the milliphonic, with 1,000 speakers. Speakers all around . . . but, you know, the ear gets pretty sophisticated pretty fast. So I got rid of that. Finally got the guglaphonic. This is the highest number of speakers before infinity. It sounded terrible. So I said, ‘Hey, maybe it’s the needle.’ ”

□

“I know what you’re saying. You’re saying, ‘Hey, what’s *this* guy doing hosting *The Tonight Show*?’ Well, I have hostages. I guess about everybody does nowadays. Mine are tied in a sack at the top of a flagpole outside. And I’m going to blow ’em up at midnight too. Unless I get my . . . *three* demands. I want $100,000 in cash. Getaway car. And I want the letter *M* stricken from the English language. See, you have to make one crazy demand. That way, if you get caught, you can plead insanity. [Long pause.] Getaway car. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.”

□

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But take David Steinberg, for example.

Steve Martin does not zing back with "*You* take David Steinberg." He says, "I think ultimately Steinberg might be too smart for the rest of the country. And he's not afraid of—he enjoys—talking out on controversial subjects. Which I think white America doesn't get. And I also think that that's part of the space I'm filling. I'm one of the only Wasp comedians, and not that it's important, it's just that it's different from everybody else." He mulls this over. "It's like I'm the White *Hope* or something."

At noon on Sunday, leftover fried eggs are sitting on a cart outside Steve Martin's Plaza suite. Inside, the White Hope himself has been watching an Abbott and Costello movie, and there is a scene involving a ham sandwich he is eager to describe. Martin is playing the parts of both Abbott and Costello, as well as the man at the counter where they are ordering the sandwich. Somewhere in the telling (" 'Lou, you dope, I already told you not to order the ham sandwich!' "), I decide that if Barbara Walters can ask Fidel Castro, I can certainly ask Steve Martin why he isn't married. Without self-pity he cites the nuisance of a whining woman on long-distance, urging "the Ramblin' Man" to get off the road. "It's agonizing enough being out without having the whining. Because it's such a gruesome . . . it can be so gruesome."

When, then, was the last time that he cried?

Martin recalls not one but three occasions he cried as an adult. Once, about eleven months ago, driving from Colorado to California, listening to some e. e. cummings lectures he had recorded for his car cassette, the sound of cummings speaking on the "artist's responsibility" was so poetic, so hypnotic and beautiful, that it caused Martin to cry. He wept another time before that, talking to his mother "about our whole lives."

The time before that was in New York City, three years ago. "Things were going poorly—I can't remember why. I was here. I was doing a concert out at Fordham. I had four days off and the city was getting to me. And I turned on the TV. I can't remember if it was a Chaplin movie, or the other guy, uh, Harold Lloyd. But it was real corny the way I responded to it. It was like it was so poetic and great and it was what I should be doing and I wasn't. Somehow—I'm not saying the performance did it—it was the fact that it was done and it was so great, and it remained, and it had meaning. And I was staying at the . . . the St. . . ."

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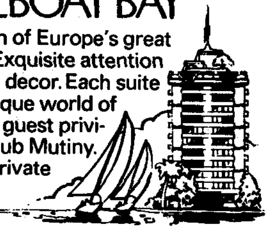

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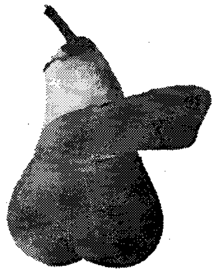

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"Moritz?"

"No."

"Regis?"

"St. Regis, yeah. So I wasn't exactly down and out, either."

The offices of Marty Klein, Steve Martin's agent, overlook the noonday traffic on Sunset Boulevard. Like most show-business offices in greater Los Angeles, the interior decorator has really gone to town in the antiques store to outfit this room. Sitting at his spacious Spanish-style oak table, Marty Klein wears the classic West Coast business sweater. On the wall are photographs of Klein's other professional associations, among them Goldie Hawn, Shelley Berman. Steve Martin is not Klein's first comedian. (He also handles Liberace.) But, "Yes, he is the least egotistical one I've ever met," and Klein speaks of him with much affection. "I saw this guy ten years ago," he says softly, "and he was funny ten years ago. The guy's grown. He's paid his dues. He deserves everything he's gonna get."

I am still wondering what Steve Martin thinks about the ego. "I sort of can accept a certain amount of rejection," he has told me, "and write it off as, uh, I'm too complicated for them to understand." Is that or isn't that too modest? Klein suggests we put in a call to Steve, now back in Aspen.

"Well, the *character* onstage is very egocentric," Martin is saying. "Steve Martin onstage only sees things one way. As far as the connection . . . it would take a psychiatrist to. . . ." At last he remembers something e. e. cummings said. " 'I have yet to find one peripherally situated ego,' " quotes Steve Martin.

Will Steve Martin stick with it, with being commercial? Will he compromise his craziness in order to capture middle America? For a great dressing room in Vegas? Will he get too snooty and blow it? Or will he keep purifying his work, get funnier and funnier, and reach the universal stature of Jack Benny?

"He has a wonderful future if he does it properly," says Paul Block. "If he does it properly he'll probably be a movie star, a movie director. He's good-looking. He's sort of the all-American boy. With gray hair."

"Do you think that's his real hair?" I ask Block.

"What?" he says.

"Would Steve Martin be crazy enough to dye his hair gray?"

"To make it gray?" Block asks. "Yes, he would be. For all I know it's phony. For all I know it's not his real color." Block laughs suddenly. "He *is* crazy enough to dye his hair gray." ■

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AT THE WHITNEY: WOMEN UNDER WRAPS

"... Melancholy women drift through gardens, play solitaire, indulge in a wide variety of other ritual Freudian acts ..."

Let's all congratulate Patricia Hills, curator, who took a typically simple-minded Whitney Museum group-show idea (maybe "idea" is too strong a word; "museological tic" might be more accurate) and changed it to her own ends. She subverted it, twisted it inside out so cleverly that the Whitney itself still doesn't know what happened, and even the critic of the *Times* was lulled into accepting it as just another order of regional pabulum.

The exhibition is titled **Turn-of-the-Century America: Paintings, Graphics, Photographs, 1890–1910** (through 10/2), which sounds like an appropriately tranquilized sequel to such off-season snoozes as last year's "Seascape and the American Imagination." It isn't. With its accompanying catalog, also by Hills, it's an aggressive, tough, feminist tract, plus a passionate appeal for a revaluation of the Socialist-Realist point of view.

Many of the usual turn-of-the-century standbys are included—the expected Cassatts, Sargents, Eakinses, Homers—with the required smatter of Establishment trivia—once celebrated academicians, beloved teachers, luxuriously bearded near-misses, bemedaled also-rans. At first it looks like a rehearsal of the expected chronology from belated Symbolism to proto-modernism, plus local variations and some fugues. Then you begin to notice that women take up an exceptionally large proportion of the subject matter. A few of them are strong-limbed, steely-eyed, dominating—they are goddesses of modern civilization, personifications of virtue and of patriotism. Most of them, however, are lackluster, pensive, withdrawn, melancholy. Woman is a bird in a tufted cage. She drifts through a garden. She plays solitaire. She indulges in a wide variety of other ritual Freudian acts. She pats the children or simply stares—empty, dim, waiting.

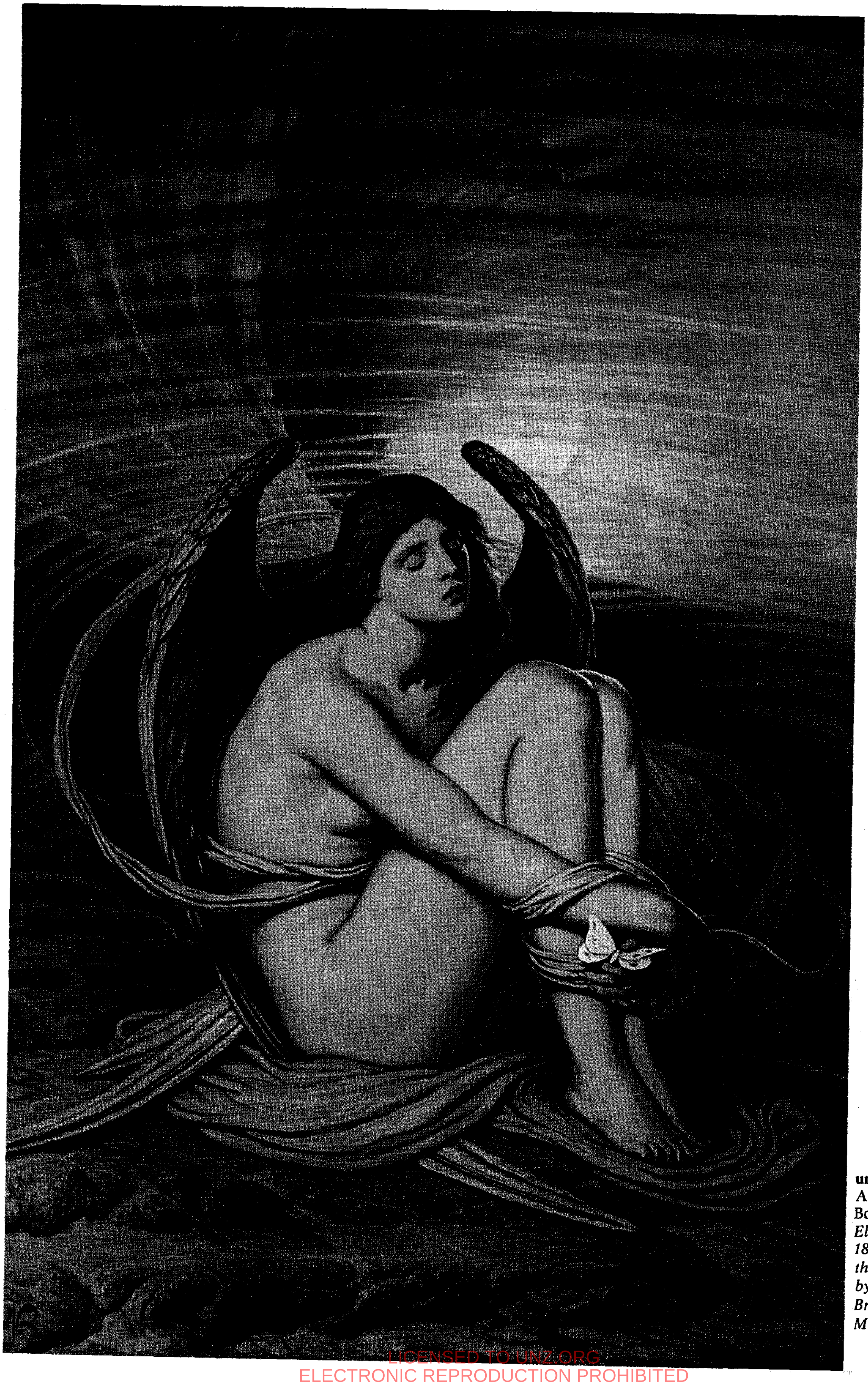
You realize that Hills has something beyond an art exhibition in view; she's working out a sociological demonstration of the roles forced on women in middle-class America as the nation emerged from a frontier, rural society and established its bourgeois mores and stratifications. Imprisoned on her pedestal, with capon-minded ministers as companions and enough children to hinder any freedom of movement, the American woman was a victim; her energies and ambitions sacrificed to the male's manifest destiny.

Hills reinforces the point with masses of data—commercial art of all sorts, including photographs, posters, cartoons, comic strips, book illustrations. And, of course, she includes as many women artists as possible. Cassatt holds a rightful place of honor. Around her Hills gathered such (to me, at least) unfamiliar names as Lucia K. Mathews (genteel apricots), Ethel Reed (Beardsleyesque posters), Blanche McManus (Art Nouveau illustrations), Maria O. Dewing (her flowers seem cut from her more famous husband's soggy garden), Lillian Hale (of the floating-gauze-curtain school), Jessie Willcox Smith, Florence Scovell Shinn, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Alice Barber Stephens, plus the inevitable Rose O'Neill, originator of the Kewpie doll (Hills might have spared us this ultimate simper), and, happily, a generous sampling from that extraordinary psychological photographer, Gertrude Käsebier. (Käsebier recognized Rose O'Neill's morbid sweetness, as well as Evelyn Nesbit's—Nesbit offers the viewer a spot of cream with such charm that, suddenly, you understand why Stanford White died a happy architect.) I list the women at some length because one of the obstacles to understanding the period is that usually they are neglected—punished for breaking the conventions of proper helplessness by public indifference and hostile silence (which makes you wonder why Hills left out Susan Macdowell Eakins, Thomas's wife, a fine painter too long hidden in his austere shadow).

Men exploited women through the social, economic, and ethical systems, as Ann Douglas indicates in her major book, *The Feminization of American Culture*. So it's not surprising that Hills also sympathizes with the political (and ideological) forces that agitated to change the system—which, in art, includes the muckraking photo-documentations of Lewis Hine and Jacob Riis, and the realist illustrations and paintings of John Sloan, Everett Shinn, George Luks, and the rest of the Ashcan School. In their ebullient, steamy art world, which flourished in Greenwich Village just before World War I, Hills locates an idealism "which proposes a new vision of honest human feeling and sincere camaraderie."

It's an intelligent—indeed, an intellectual—exhibition, structured according to advanced concepts of epistemology and (you should forgive the expression) interdisciplinary methodologies. Theories are proposed. Documents are adduced. Conclusions are suggested. There are necessary digressions into landscape painting (very dim indeed) and some nudes (mostly male; a man resting, by the redoubtable John Singer Sargent, suggests a modern "sensuous woman's" idea of a centerfold). The difficulty is that in tailoring the materials to fit a thesis, Hills does some harm to the historical tissue itself. Developments never were quite so tidy or so simple. She omits Ryder, for example, and Blakelock, Robert Loftus Newman, Eilshemius—what might be called the visionary quadrant of the American sensibility. She also leaves out such proto-abstractionists as Augustus Vincent Tack and Gottardo Piazzoni, as well as what Kynaston McShine, in his examination of the field, called "The Natural Paradise" Americans—Bierstadt, William Trost Richards, Heade, and the rest. In other words, Hills wipes out the ancestry of Abstract Expressionism while preparing the stage for a reentry of social realism, which she hopes may resurrect any minute now.

Her view merits serious consideration. Certainly in the areas of photography and commercial art the leftist documentary approach today seems more vital—more attractive to energetic young talents—than the formalist, aesthetic one (even if you have to overlook such artists as Aaron Siskind, Harry Callahan, Irving Penn). Nevertheless, the general level of quality, both ideologically and pictorially, suffers from Hills's bias. A comparatively first-rate artist like Whistler, for example, is



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A Soul in Bondage, *by Elihu Vedder, 1891, lent to the Whitney by the Brooklyn Museum.*

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seen in minor examples; this peacock is not permitted to strut his best in confrontation with Cassatt. Marin, too, is slighted, and so is Joseph Stella. The case for a native propensity to abstract styles within the American tradition is not faced squarely. Hills stacks the deck. Furthermore, her scholarship in art history is weakened by a rather muddled, idealist radicalism. It's a common dilemma among the new feminists. Well-researched material is often laced with that half-baked socialism propagated in the 1950s by Marcuse, popularized by the SDS in the sixties, and never properly analyzed.

Even so, the show and its catalog are well worth your full attention. It's a fresh view of a field that, even when it was contemporary, tended to fade into a haze of ennui—the Mauve Decade. Elihu Vedder's *A Soul in Bondage* could be its paradigm. A lone woman holds a butterfly (Hellenistic symbol of a dead person's spirit). She is wrapped in what appear to be silk thongs that tie her wrists to her forelegs and unravel to a banded sunset. The figure gazes mournfully at the butterfly—captive to captive. In her right hand she holds a little snake (asp? wisdom? death?). She exudes a sense of bloodless melancholy, of the anemia characteristic of the ideal American woman at the time when Emily Dickinson's poems were just published (posthumously) and wireless telegraphy inaugurated. It was artists such as Vedder who perpetuated the myth, who helped to make bondage seem pleasurable—or at least interestingly poetic. The women themselves were beginning to revolt, as you can see in Charles Allan Gilbert's poster for a novel titled *Wellesley College*, in which undergraduates stride purposefully around campus, clasping books, field-hockey sticks, and bicycles, determined to make a new way for themselves in a newly liberated society.

Their claims still are contested. The glamour of bondage is still used as a bait and a threat—from the Supreme Court to split-level suburbia. Hills's exhibition fights for the Cause. And, as Yeats said, "good strong blows are delights to the mind!"

Also at the Whitney is a floorful of **Twentieth-Century Art From Friends' Collections** (through 9/27). The Whitney's "Friends" aren't just social connections; they're individuals who donate at least $250 a year toward acquisition funds and corporations who ante up at least $1,000. It is hoped the membership will also remember the museum in its testaments and at end-of-December deduction time. There are some big names among the lenders—Nelson Rockefeller, Susan Morse Hilles, Richard Brown Baker, Howard and Jean Lipman, among others. But out of 147 exhibits, 20 are from dealers (and theirs are among the best pieces), while another 26 are from "private collections." Interesting "friends."

Traditionally, New York museums go to trustees and pals in the big leagues to borrow masterpieces, acting simultaneously as a sort of free summer-storage depot for collectors and as an educational resource for the public, which seldom penetrates to such stratospheric insurance levels. The Museum of Modern Art, under Alfred Barr, used to show treasures from the salons of the Whitneys and Paleys; Ralph Colin's Matisse, Bill Burden's Seurat, Adele Levy's Cézanne. And the Met, under Ted Rousseau, would counter with loans from the Clarks, Lehmans, Webbs. You were offered exotic mixes, demented salads, high rewards.

The Whitney has switched the formula. It's gone to modest (or stingy) collectors and to professionals. So it's a modest show. There's an attempt to present a rough cross section of recent, advanced work, and there are some exceptional pieces by Morris Louis, Jennifer Bartlett, Neil Jenny, Richard Serra—all of them, by the by, lent by dealers.

When asked about his reliance on the marketplace, and whether he was comfortable advertising so much inventory, the Whitney's director, Tom Armstrong, said that he's been assured that the dealers' loans are personal holdings. They're not in the gallery's inventory; not for sale. Furthermore, he said, *most* of the private collectors operate on their own. When the stock market goes down, they unload their art as shrewdly as any pro. It's *all* for sale, he added ruefully.

It seemed rude to ask if he didn't sense a contradiction between the two statements (dealers' private collections aren't for sale; all private collections are for sale). Also, it's probably impolite to dwell so long on a pleasurable, informal exhibition that, evidently, was put together in a hurry from easily available sources.

Downstairs at the Whitney are some **recent acquisitions** (through 9/11). Included are Ad Reinhardt's cartoons for the magazines *Trans/formations* and *Art News*—hilarious, instructive, brilliant, explosive. They were given by the artist's widow, Rita Reinhardt, and offer an exceptionally enjoyable air-conditioned comedy. Reinhardt still is very sharp. ▬

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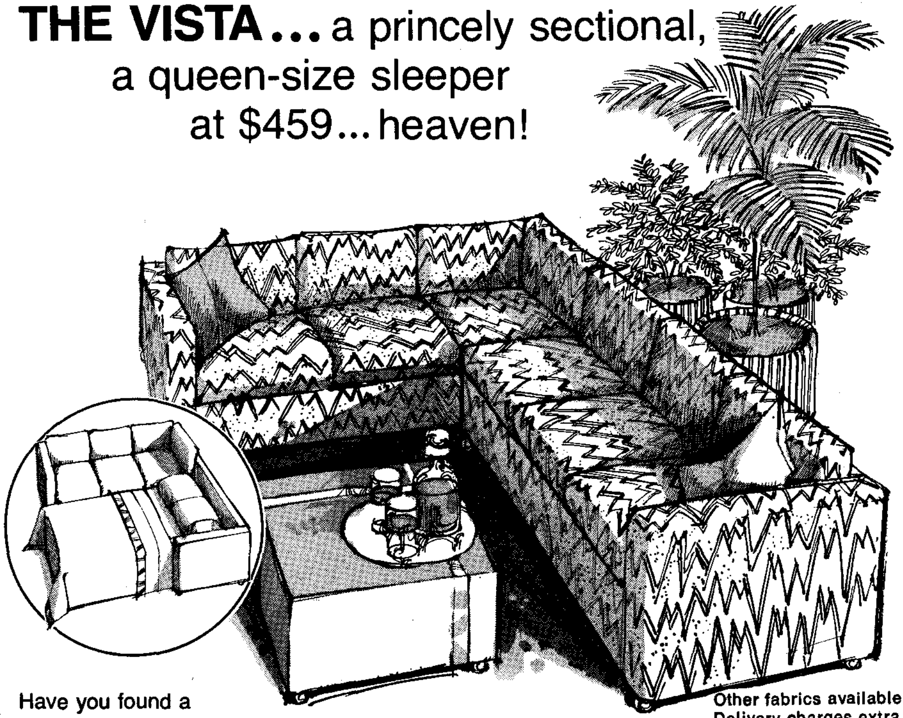

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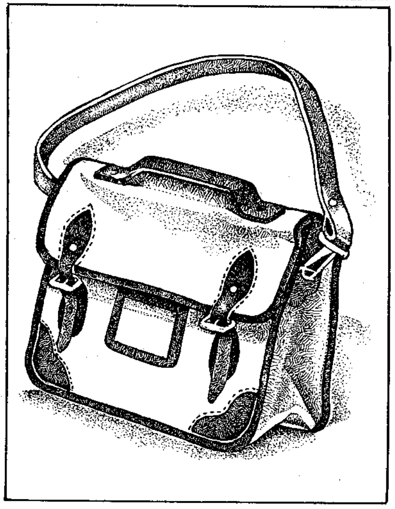
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

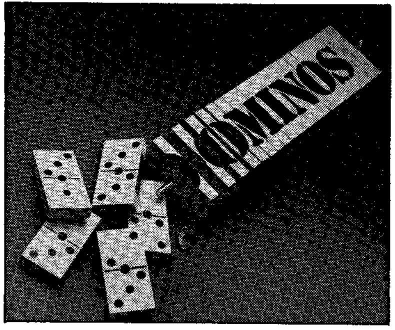
MADGE FRIEDMAN



One for the Books

It is the Chinese schoolbag, with handle and shoulder strap. In natural or khaki-green canvas with soy-sauce-brown leather trim ($12.95).
JAMIE CANVAS COMPANY/*148 Spring Street/966-2661*

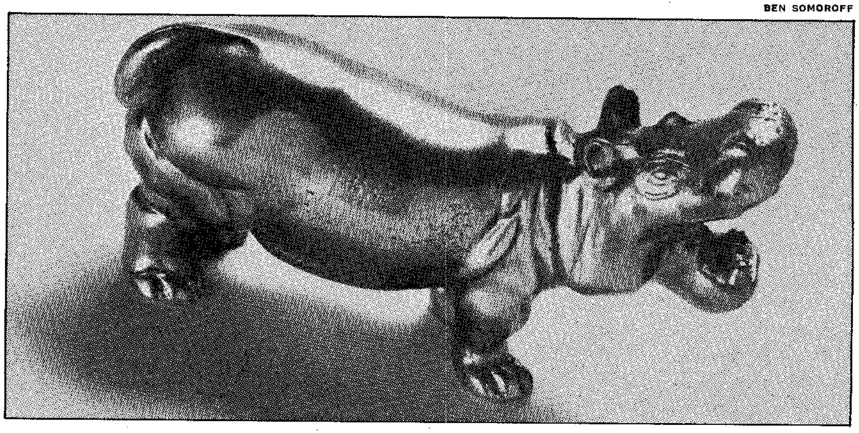
BARRY SEIDMAN



Going Dotty

The domino theory, exaggerated, with clunky wood blocks held together by an interior pole ($10.50).
HUBERT DES FORGES/*359 Bleecker Street and 11 East 10th Street*

BEN SOMOROFF



Hippo, Hippo, Hooray!

There's a pieceable kingdom up at Room Service: miniature hippos, giraffes, owls, squirrels, cats, dogs, lions, lizards, elephants, and hedgehogs of hand-finished, hand-polished, full-weight pewter ($2.75–$38).
ROOM SERVICE ANTIQUES/*1239 First Avenue near 67th Street/879-0961*

MATTHEW KLEIN

TAPPAN ZEE Playhouse

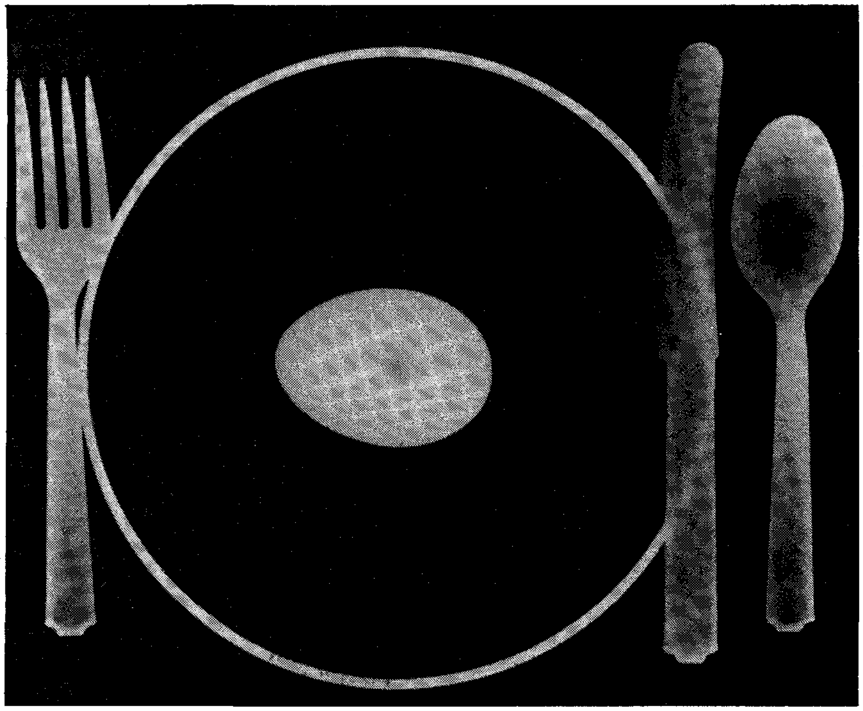
Zee It Now

A kayak to Nyack is no longer a good idea, with all the poisonous grunge in the Hudson, but there are other ways to reach that splendid village and many good reasons to do so. The latest is the rebirth of the Tappan Zee Playhouse, that erstwhile way station on the strawhat circuit where your parents doubtless saw the annual *Springtime for Henry.* The playhouse was built in 1903 as a vaudeville house, then functioned as a movie palace before its entry into summer stock. Two years ago, after a decline in its fortunes, it was messed up by a fire and stood, a dark hulk on South Broadway, full of theatrical ghosts and charred beams. Now the lights are on again, thanks to an energetic chap named Richard Mundt, who took over the building, got some restoration money from the village board, and collected some volunteers to paint the old décor, restore the backstage area, and spread the word that the Tappan Zee Playhouse is once again lighting up the sky. A summer season is already under way; year-round plans (opera, concerts, and more plays) are on the drawing boards. This week's bill: Dorothy Collins in *Murder Among Friends,* Bob Barry's killer-thriller which laid an egg on Broadway the season before last (the director's fault, says Barry). More exciting yet: a revival of Dorothy Parker's *Ladies of the Corridor,* starring Maureen O'Sullivan, slated for the week of August 30. Go Zee for yourself. **—Alan Rich**
TAPPAN ZEE PLAYHOUSE/*South Broadway, Nyack/(914) 353-0900*

Short Order

Liz Swados, whose music can be very, very good or very, very bad, depending on collaborator, could soon be working with you. She's looking for poems, stories, essays, letters, memos, etc.—by anyone—which she will then theatricalize and present in a Sunday-night series at the Public. Send them in; include your name, address, and phone number. Don't call her; she'll call you.

SHORT WRITINGS/*The Public Theater/425 Lafayette Street*



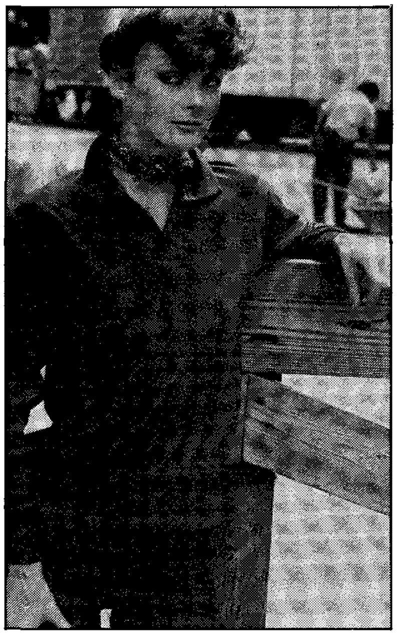
Play It as It Lays

Primarily fascinated by "the way the light bends around the egg," JoAnn Frank has published (by herself) her first book: an opalescent olio of photograms showing the egg as graphic object, as female symbol, as breakfast.

3 DOZEN/*By JoAnn Frank/Witkin Gallery/$6.95*

SUSAN SHACTER

MAKEUP, MARGARET AVERY; HAIR, MARCEL/BOTH OF GINANDRE



Runaway Seller

With its V-neck, collar, and wide sleeves, it's not what we're used to in a sweat shirt, but it works for Chinese athletes, so why not? It's 100 percent cotton, available in red or a purply blue, and $16.

HENRY LEHR/*1079 Third Avenue near 64th Street/753-2720*

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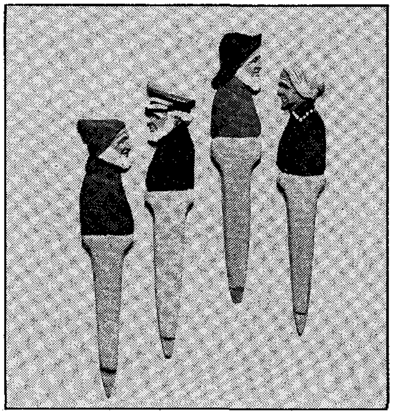
Nocko's Yogurt Pies: by the slice (75 cents) or the pie ($4.95)—blueberry, raspberry, strawberry, black cherry, lemon, peach—at Zum Zum. Yum yum.

BEN SOMOROFF



Spirit of the Page

Seafaring or hammock-swinging readers should turn to these enchanting hand-carved, hand-painted bookmarks from Quebec ($2).

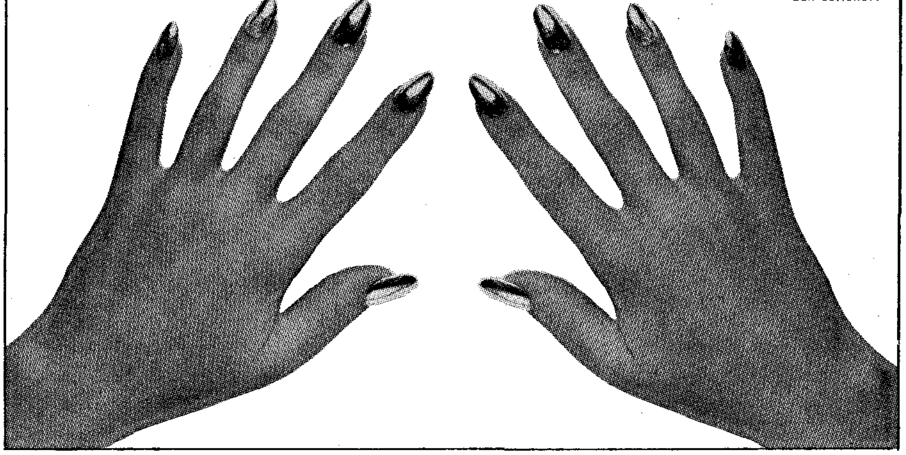
UNITED NATIONS GIFT SHOP/*First Avenue at 45th Street*

Golden Bull

Let others gild the lily. You can gild the pinkie, the thumb, the big toe, whatever. Plain fourteen-karat-gold nails are $35 and $95. A nail with nine diamonds set in gold is $285; one with nineteen is $435. Affix with rubber cement.

ORIGINAL GOLDEN NAILS/*Saks Fifth Avenue, Bergdorf Goodman*

BEN SOMOROFF



Movies / John Simon

OF SUPERHUMAN BONDAGE

"... *The Spy Who Loved Me* has Barbara Bach, who may just be the most beautiful woman ever to enter the Bondian universe ..."

There is a kind of movie that can get away with everything, and deserves to. The latest James Bond, **The Spy Who Loved Me**, belongs in that class. Like other 007 epics, only perhaps even a little more so, this picture comes at you winking with both eyes and saying something like: "For heaven's sake, don't take any of this seriously. This violence isn't real violence, this sex isn't anything like real sex; all this is fantasy, escapism, slick entertainment. If you believe any of this, you are a bigger fool than if you think you are married to Sophia Loren, will become president of the United States, and live forever. You might just as well believe that this is art!" And so you wink back, don't believe any of it, and have a damned good time, smiling from ear to ear when not actually letting out a hoot and a holler.

This is the first 007 film that is not based on an Ian Fleming novel, only a Fleming title, according to the late novelist's own instructions, we are told. And, to be sure, when you have a good title like *The Spy Who Loved Me*; the veteran Bond producer Albert Broccoli (who used to team up on these ventures with Harry Saltzman, but who has done quite well on his own, broccoli being tasty even unsalted); the tried Bond scriptwriter Richard Maibaum together with a new hand, Christopher Wood; Lewis Gilbert, the director of another Bond film, *You Only Live Twice*, and of some rather more respectable other movies, including the severely undervalued *Alfie*—why, then, shouldn't everything go swimmingly?

Actually, things start out skiingly in the pre-title sequences—and a jolly set of devilries they are!—and end swimmingly. In between, of course, there is every other kind of sport, from sex with a gorgeous Soviet spy to blowing up a couple of atomic submarines programmed to send New York and Moscow into that great détente in the sky. And there is, first of all, yet another of those tricky title sequences, during which a stunning, seemingly nude, female silhouette (or rather a whole set of such silhouettes) carries on rapturously and moderately kinkily behind the credits with the barrel of Bond's gun. It is the sort of thing that might make fanatical feminists go berserk, but even they, surely, have better things to become enraged by.

After that, we are off on a plot about which I couldn't do anything more idiotic than try to tell you the first thing. In geographical terms, however, I can promise you marvelous sights from Egypt to Sardinia; in terms of colorful villains, you can look forward to everything from suave, Continental, ultracerebral evil in the person of Curt Jurgens to a more mechanical menace in the person of Jaws, a seven-foot-three-inch golem, equipped with steel teeth that can bite through and kill an attacking shark in the water, not to mention a massive frame, which can survive everything from the collapse of an Egyptian temple on top of it to a direct hit by a torpedo on the floating marine laboratory housing it. Best of all, in gadgets, I can guarantee you more fantastic ones than you have seen heretofore—but to give away even a single Bond gadget would be infinitely greater malpractice than rattling off the entire plot.

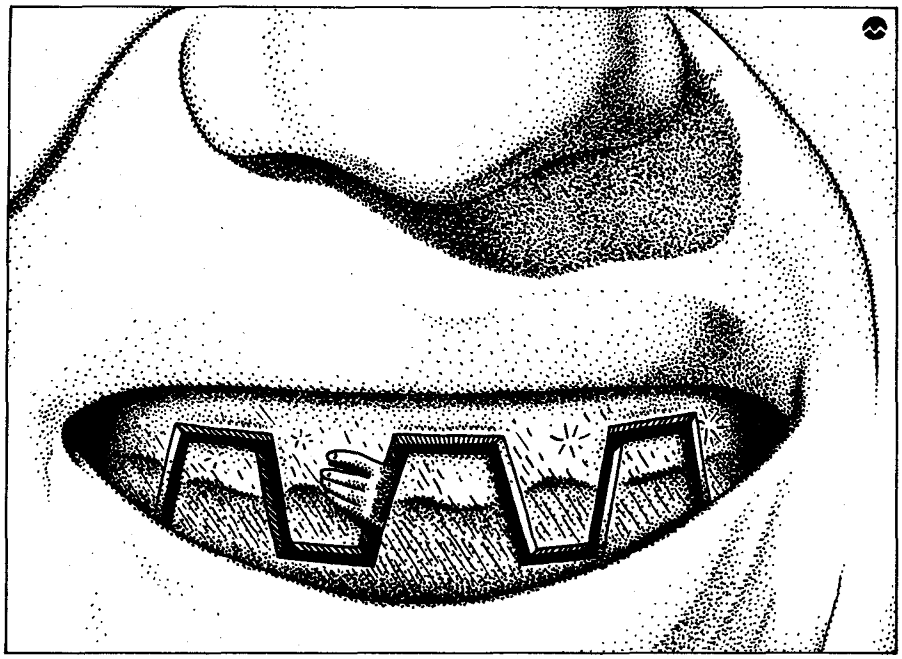
So what *can* I report on? The performances? But are there ever performances in a Bond movie? Well, there used to be Sean Connery, whom I may not have sufficiently appreciated. He had a sort of double-bottomed look on his face—an ironic expression that meant that he could be either superman or an ass, that what he was saying could be taken at face value or as an outrageous pun—and, lo, what happened next, in its predictable unpredictableness, matched his expression and sweetly slippery, brogue-suffused tone. Or, to put it simply, you could believe that Connery was cunning and apt enough to think up the clever things he said, and execute the mighty maneuvers he undertook. Not so Roger Moore, who looks handsome enough to be the mold from which the world's most expensive clothing dummies are cast, but who has absolutely no way with an expression, let alone with a line. You might say that, as 007, he does justice only to the first two thirds of his role.

As the spy who loves him and collaborates with him when she is not trying to kill him, there is Barbara Bach, who does not exactly act up a storm either—still less a Russian storm—but who may just be the most beautiful woman ever to enter the Bondian universe. Let us say for Miss Bach that her personality is utterly pleasant (which is more than one can claim for many previous Bondstresses), and that her looks are the absolute best that America can produce, which, for me as for Henry James, is very probably the loveliest loveliness there is. It is, in effect, the triumph of symmetry over asymmetry, or European beauty, which usually has it all over symmetry, except when symmetry happens to be perfect, fearful symmetry. In which case there is nothing insipid about it any more, only the peace that passeth understanding—and let us not be so churlish as to fiddle with the spelling of that "peace."

If I have any quarrel with *The Spy Who Loved Me*—blissfully photographed by yet another veteran, Claude Renoir, and grandiosely designed by the usual Bond production designer, Ken Adam—it is with its PG rating. When the smoothly vicious Curt Jurgens has Miss Bach tied to his couch and prepared for a fate that, for a major-league superspy, is considerably less bad than death, how dare that officious PG come between every man and his vicarious desire? Oh, sure, some youngsters might then be denied the film, and the box office their contributions; but for every debarred adolescent I would be willing to guarantee Mr. Broccoli two or three lecherous adults that would take his place and come back more than once. If I am wrong, call me Asparagus.

March or Die is an insult not only to human intelligence but even to animal stupidity. I cannot imagine a donkey, hartebeest, or bandicoot, however backward, that would not be outraged by the imbecilities this unspeakable movie would have it sit through. Even though I had some use for one of Dick Richards's previous directorial efforts (*Rafferty and the Gold Dust*

Twins—although I didn't fall for the wretched and much praised *Farewell, My Lovely*), and one of David Zelag Goodman's previous scripts (*Straw Dogs*), I am prepared to admit, after seeing *March or Die*, that I must have been in a state of temporary insanity. Unfortunately, I cannot even claim a similar excuse for Richards and Goodman, because their stultifyingly empty and inept film does not even have those flashes of outrageous fascination that madness can lay claim to.



We have here a Foreign Legion movie that makes Marty Feldman's concurrent debacle look like a Pyrrhic victory. If there is a single Foreign Legion cliché that Richards and Goodman have overlooked, I can only surmise that they did so because they lacked the savoir-faire to unearth it. (Unsand it?) Still, even the hoariest cliché is preferable to such bits of original contributions that R & G supplied from their own brackish imaginations. What is more pathetic than a film that prides itself on the facts that the legionnaires' buttons are authentic and that the marching is done in the correct 80-steps-a-minute pace, but whose plot, characters, and dialogue do not make a shred of sense or contain the measliest bit of human authenticity?

For this is the kind of movie in which the French Foreign Legion is run by an American major kicked out of West Point, upon whose demise the command is taken over by a recent recruit, Marco the Gypsy, a former cat burglar, with not so much as one semester at West Point, who makes the same speech to the raw rookies the late Major William Sherman Foster used to make, and which runs roughly like this (I quote from unhappy memory): "Nobody escapes from here. If the desert doesn't get you, the Arabs will. If the Arabs don't get you, the Legion will. And if the Legion doesn't get you, I will. I don't know which is worse." At this point it may be the height of supererogation to quibble with that "worse," which, as most West Pointers who didn't cheat on their exams would have learned, should really be, there being more than two to choose from, the superlative, "worst."

This is also the kind of movie in which Major Foster, presented with two archaeologists, victims of Arab brutality—their eyes and tongues were plucked out, but they might still cash in handsomely on their memoirs (as signaled to Gerold Frank)—seizes the nearest gun and, before scores of witnesses, including the daughter of one of the unfortunates, puts bullets through the mutilated scientists' foreheads, taking both human and divine law into his own hands without so much as a "*Pardon!*" And it is also the kind of movie in which the previously unsoiled heroine sleeps first with the brutal major, to disenchant (for his own good, of course) the gypsy cat burglar with whom she fell madly in love, as did he with her, after one dance, one kiss, and one pair of stolen earrings; whereupon, she also sleeps with a hideous, slimy nightclub proprietor, in order to secure passage back home for the gypsy—and then, after all these sacrifices, it is she who goes back to Paris as Marco bids her a jaunty good-bye.

Oh, yes, and this is the kind of movie in which characters communicate with significant glances across hundreds of yards of dusty parade ground, and in which an "artistic" legionnaire hangs himself when a whore reveals to his fellows that he could not make it with her, and in which—but you don't want to hear any more, do you? If you do, you deserve to see the entire disgusting mess and *not* be allowed to swap your horrible fate for merely being buried in the desert sand up to your chin for a couple of hours. Although the credits do not say so, I suspect that the screenplay was based on an obscure novel entitled *Beau Dreck*.

As for Dick Richards, he may well be the only director who can shoot on the actual Saharan locations; engage thousands of authentic-looking Arabs, camels, and horses; train countless actors and extras in desert warfare with genuine period weapons; and still make the climactic battle scene, both in the way it is staged and in the way in which it is photographed, as exciting as an Indian-wrestling bout between two six-year-olds. What makes the movie even more offensive is that it is shot by that most artful of cinematographers, John Alcott (*A Clockwork Orange*, *Barry Lyndon*), who brings effects worthy of the brush of Georges de la Tour to bear on this huge pile of visual clichés, never letting us forget the director's pretentiousness. And even with such a cameraman, Richards's Sahara looks less convincing than the studio sand in yesteryear's desert cheapies.

Similarly irritating is the presence and abuse of such worthy performers as Ian Holm, Marcel Bozzuffi, and, above all, Max von Sydow, as well as a few lesser lights, none of whom can do anything to make his part look less ridiculous. A couple of years ago, I might have included Gene Hackman among the abused, but I am beginning to think that the studied brutishness in which he specializes has long since hardened into a mannerism, and that he has started to contribute his bit to the rottenness of the stinkers in which he keeps finding himself. As for Catherine Deneuve, who was just beginning to make her long overdue ascent into histrionic acceptability, this performance lands her back on the bottom rung of the ladder—with the 1919 look effectively robbing her even of her proverbial comeliness.

A final offense is the score by the once gifted Maurice Jarre. Not only is his own melodic invention by now derisory, but he also works into his score those perennial commonplaces, the "Marseillaise," "Plaisir d'amour," and "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen." Perhaps he was trying to match Richards and Goodman platitude for platitude; but where, then, are "Frère Jacques" and "Ach, du lieber Augustin?" ■

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

Music/Alan Rich

OPERA IN BRITAIN, OPERA BY BRITTEN

"...Glyndebourne's life-style is a many-splendored anachronism, but its fame rests on the high standards of its productions..."

Two of the last remaining civilized activities in this deteriorating world: crossing the Atlantic by ship (i.e., the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, the last liner making scheduled crossings) and going to opera at Glyndebourne. A heavy sense of anachronism overhangs both. At teatime on the *QE 2* the Concorde passes directly overhead, creating a fearsome sonic boom that you can feel in your jawbone. The Glyndebourne anachronism consists of pushing your way through Victoria Station at midafternoon in full formal attire to catch the special train, drawing bemused stares.

If Glyndebourne didn't exist, nobody could have invented it. Its devoted patrons buy the place out months in advance. The most resolute old-school Briton recognizes that the eccentricities of the place are not of this, or of any other, world. Its life-style is a many-splendored anachronism: picnicking on champagne in crystal goblets out of Fortnum & Mason baskets that might awe Lady Bracknell; dining, served by white-gloved waiters, in rooms named, respectively, Over, Middle, and Nether Wallop; outstaring roaming herds of cows kept at bay behind the ha-ha; paying obeisances at every turn to the memory of Audrey Mildmay, the modestly talented soprano for whom John Christie, her adoring husband, built his opera house in 1934. Yet Glyndebourne's fame rests not on the eccentricities of its life-style, but, more realistically, on its high artistic standards.

If John Christie overvalued his late wife's talents, at least the stage he gave her was designed to house the best music-making in the world, and so it has remained. We should never forget that the Mozart opera produced at Glyndebourne in the 1930s, with Fritz Busch conducting and Carl Ebert directing, rescued this sublime repertory from virtual oblivion and is directly responsible for the popularity this music maintains today. (I would place the 1936 Glyndebourne *Don Giovanni*, still available on records—Turnabout 4117/9—as the best performance of this opera I ever expect to hear.) These standards remain: elegance and taste in staging, high intelligence in the choice of repertory, and a musical approach that puts a greater premium on ensemble drama than on individual star turns. Because Glyndebourne is small (the house holds barely 750) and rather clubby in atmosphere, it has not had much public subsidy, and subsists almost wholly on private funding. Such is the passion it raises among its patrons, however, and such is the fame it holds in the operatic firmament, that its standards have never been threatened by lack of funds.

At Glyndebourne I heard **Die Schweigsame Frau,** Richard Strauss's 1934 comedy to a Stefan Zweig text based on Ben Jonson's *Epicene*. The work is little known; the City Opera had it in its repertory for a time about twenty years ago, but I know of no other American productions. Granting the rather bloated self-imitation that Strauss was engaging in at the time, (e.g., *Arabella*), this proves to be a work of some charm. Zweig's libretto updates the Jacobean original to about 1760. Jonson's "troupe of dissolute ladies" becomes a traveling operatic company, which enabled both Zweig and Strauss to get off a few nice digs at bad singers and composers. At its worst, the piece is a strained rerun of some of *Ariadne*'s most boisterous moments, but there is also some powerful lyric writing here, and a use of the orchestra as a commentator that suggests Strauss's admiration for Mozart. With some cutting (which, at Glyndebourne, is regarded on the same level as blue jeans), the opera could merit greater attention.

It is a work ideally suited to Glyndebourne's ambience, and to the warm, rich acoustics of the house. Andrew Davis, who now heads the Toronto Symphony and whose star is rising very quickly, conducted an alert, spacious performance, staged with great bustle and bravura by John Cox. Three Americans dominated the cast: Richard Cross as the swindled Doctor Morosus, Jerome Pruett as his wily nephew, and Janet Perry as the not-so-silent woman Morosus is duped into marrying. All told, it was an evening of opera like none other.

At Covent Garden the previous night I had also heard American singers walking off with high honors. The opera was Michael Tippett's **The Ice Break**—the fourth and, he says, last of his works for lyric stage. Tippett's operas are widely heard in Britain and on the Continent; it is time they were attended to here. He does his own librettos and has, during his operatic career, been working to create a musico-dramatic substance at once contemporary in outlook and mythic—perhaps even epic—in its material. In *The Ice Break* Tippett has moved, for the first time in his operas, into a frankly contemporary arena. His drama involves today's alienation—between generations within a family, and between whites and blacks within an urban society. It is the most overtly violent of his operas; although Tippett has written of the work as, in some sense, the rounding-off of a cycle, *The Ice Break* ends with many more questions asked than answered.

This interesting dramatic indeterminacy becomes far less interesting, however, as a musical problem. Tippett's basic style, much beholden to the late Stravinsky, with occasional bursts of dusky lyricism that recall moments in *Lulu*, holds the attention almost constantly as musical design. But there is little he can do, or is willing to do, to suggest the psychological warfare out of which his drama is built. The

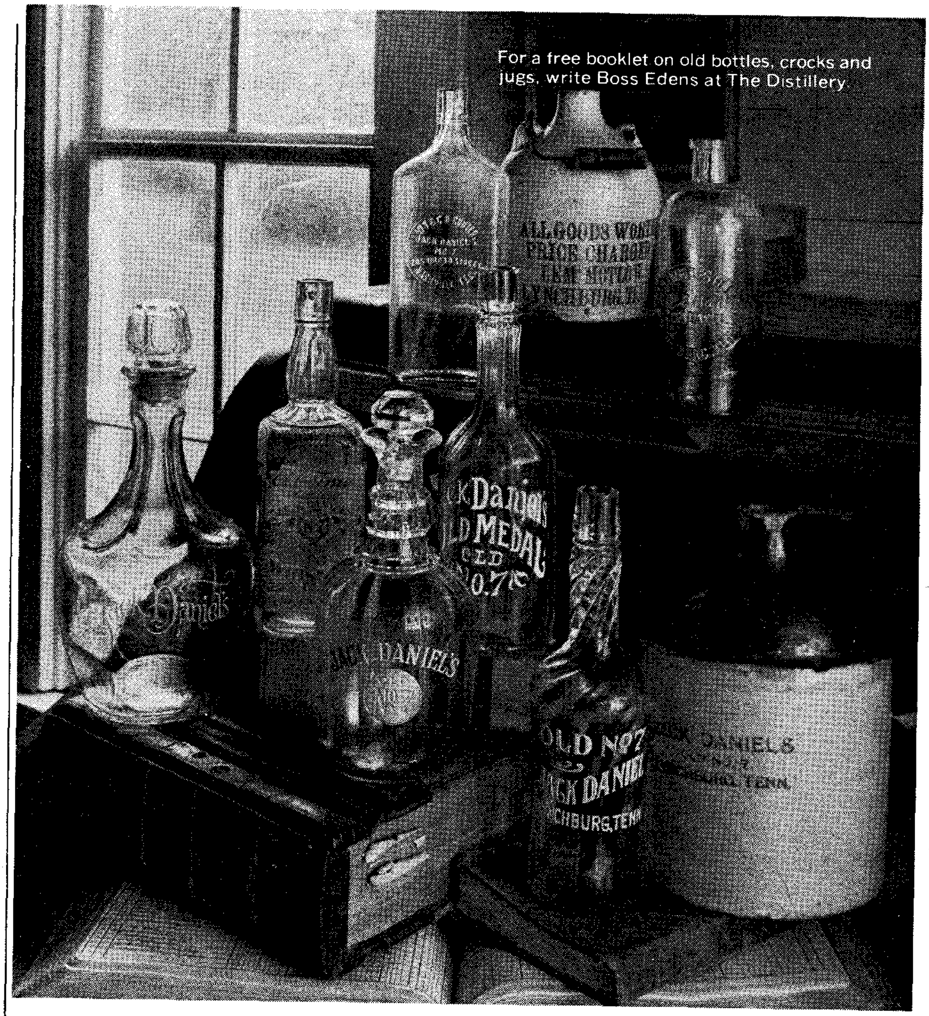
Illustrated by David Myers

cultural clashes are suggested only faintly, and in most ordinary ways: a burst of jazziness for groups of militant blacks, some lavendered lyric lines for the older people. In his opera there is only one character who is truly fleshed out in music—a black nurse whose lover is killed, and who serves as a bridge between black and white social groups. She is, in other words, a lyric character herself, and her music does cope with that quite beautifully—especially as Beverly Vaughn, an American singer hitherto unknown to me, sang the role.

Others in the cast included Clyde Walker, another splendid American, as a black militant, and Heather Harper and John Shirley-Quirk as an older couple. Colin Davis conducted a prodigiously virtuosic performance, despite a dull staging (by Sam Wanamaker) and some extraordinarily ugly sets, mostly plastic panels badly lit (by Ralph Koltai). The house, on the night I went—the fourth of five performances—was packed and enthusiastic, an unusual experience in the realm of contemporary opera.

With every hearing, my admiration for Benjamin Britten's **Rape of Lucretia** increases. Its obvious excellences—the elegance and wit in its small orchestra, the haunting beauty of its vocal lines—should by now be beyond argument. What I discover more slowly, however, is the way music and Ronald Duncan's lithe, literate text were joined by Britten, in 1946, to form this original and powerful retelling of the old story. It is, I now feel, his best opera.

The opera was given its premiere at Glyndebourne; Caramoor, which is often described as the American Glyndebourne, revived it for two performances this summer. Caramoor is a civilized and agreeable place, to be sure, but its sponsors have been wise enough *not* to belabor the analogy. Besides, the Caramoor stage, demanding of much improvisation, is hardly an analogue of Glyndebourne's splendid opera house. That stage, whose Venetian arches were amateurishly swathed in black fabric for *Lucretia*, created problems in staging that Caramoor's company did not solve. Adelaide Bishop, the director, produced little more than fuzzy, confused action patterns. Whatever clarity the performance had was from the singing, which was mostly splendid (emphatically so in the case of Charles Bressler's Male Chorus and Philip Booth's Collatinus), and from Alexander Gibson's conducting, beautifully formed and expressive. An evening more for the ears than the eyes. ■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OLD No 7 JACK DANIEL LYNCHBURG, TENN.
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Tennessee
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THESE OLD BOTTLES go back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to observe special occasions.

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But when it came to whiskey, Mr. Jack insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to change that, no matter what the occasion.

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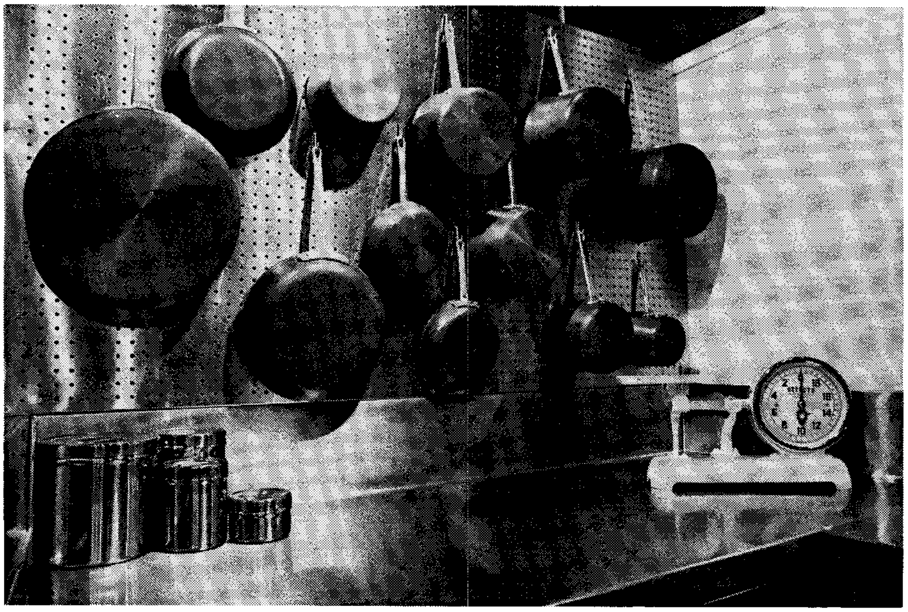
The Passionate Shopper/Burton Wolf and Irene Sax

IT PAYS TO SHOP ON THE BOWERY

"...On this street you will find the largest array of cooking equipment in the United States, at the best price anywhere..."



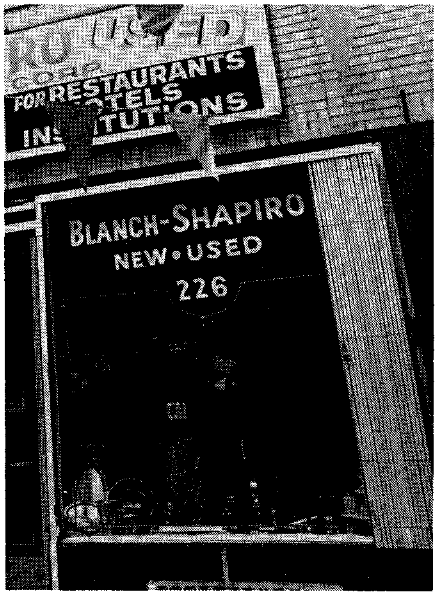
Bottoms up: *Pots beckon from a gleaming corner of the Professional Kitchen.*

In cookery, as in carpentry, the best equipment and the lowest prices are available where the professionals shop. You ask your barber where to go for scissors. You ask a restaurant owner where to go for pots. Chances are he'll refer you to a few blocks on the Bowery, from Cooper Square down to Delancey Street, where you will find most of New York's thriving restaurant-supply business.

There is a great variation in style among these wholesale dealers, from the plush gentility of H. Friedman & Sons—closest to uptown both in geography and in manner—to the cheerful commercialism of AAA, where you are challenged to bargain over prices. Many of the suppliers boast that they can set up a complete restaurant in an afternoon, while others are more specialized, dealing only in knives or in china or in heavy-duty equipment. But most of the firms offer a wide variety of kitchenware, and what they don't have, they can get for you.

Nowhere else in the city will you see a better range of merchandise of this sort. In fact, on this street you will find the largest array of cooking equipment in the United States, and you won't find it anywhere at a better price. On the Bowery, you can buy roasting pans, knives, stockpots, saucepans, and scales—and you can buy them for less money, of a better quality, and in more sizes than you will find anywhere else. Restaurant ranges, better than the ultimate in domestic stores because of their sturdy construction and sensitive heat control, are here made available to the ordinary householder. Pots and pans are offered in a weight of aluminum available in only a few retail outlets; it is so heavy that it is almost the equal of copper. Most of the merchandise is strongly commercial in appearance and scope, made with unadorned metal surfaces and designs, but the high performance makes up for the lack of decoration.

With one exception (the Professional Kitchen), you will not be dealing with retail stores, but rather with distributors, who buy their merchandise from manufacturers and sell it to hospitals, schools, restaurants, and department stores. This means that many of the amenities of retail shopping—charge cards, delivery, returns—are missing (unless noted). Since restaurant suppliers are wholesalers, they obviously prefer to deal with businesses that are placing large orders, but you will find that salespeople are generally friendly toward retail customers. (There are exceptions to this friendliness, notably among the firms that deal in large-scale equipment and most of those that sell china and stemware. These items come in cases of three dozen, more than most households can store at one time, and the bother of splitting up caseloads just doesn't pay for the wholesaler.) In general, however, most of the people we met on the Bowery were pleasant. Just be prepared to wait to be served when the store is filling a wholesale customer's order.



Recycled: *The front window at Blanch-Shapiro proclaims new and used housewares.*

You must also know the rules. You should come with cash; you should expect to pay the sales tax; you should not expect to return anything; and you should, if possible, do your shopping on Monday mornings and Friday afternoons, when the wholesale business is slow. During the summer many of these places are not open on Saturday. We've listed the *fall* hours; call and check the summer hours. In some cases, the wholesaler will have to fetch stock from the warehouse, and the shopper will have to return later to pick up his order. On large items, such as ranges, delivery can be arranged by the dealer, as long as the buyer is willing to pay

Photographed by Fredrich Cantor

for these services; some dealers will also install, for a fee. It costs, for example, somewhere between $150 and $300 to have a six-burner Garland range delivered and installed in a Manhattan apartment, the difference in price reflecting such variables as the size of your elevator and the availability of gas lines. If you live away from New York, delivery can be arranged through the factory, but you will have to find your own installer.

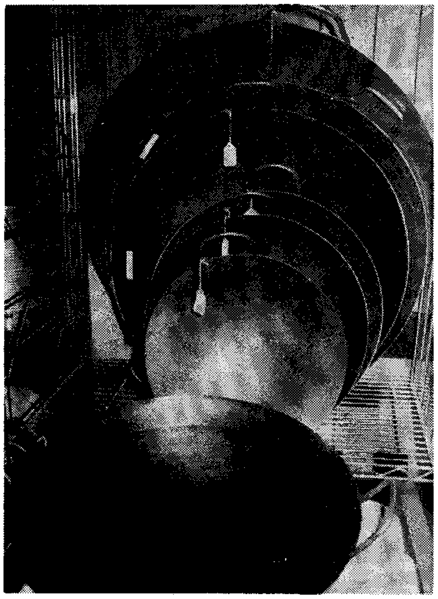
Granted you will be getting superior equipment, but will you also save money by shopping the Bowery? Yes, unqualifiedly yes. But how much you will save is another matter. Careful lest they disturb their relationships with the retail stores to whom they sell, most dealers will quote a straight list price when they are asked the cost of a particular object. For publication, they say they will not undersell the department stores, since they want to keep them as customers. In fact, however, some of the Bowery owners are prepared to make a better deal and will sell for less than the list price. Other places would only admit to charging less than Bloomingdale's but more than wholesale. If you intend to do any comparison pricing, you ought to start at one of the big stores, such as Federal or Mazer's, to get the feel of the street and the merchandise, and then go off to the smaller shops, where the owners will be more willing to bargain with you. But if you feel reluctant to haggle, go ahead and buy anyway; you will still be getting better merchandise at a lower price than you can find anywhere else.

You will do best if you know what you're buying, so you should know something about the different qualities of the stove-top ware. As we mentioned, nearly all the pots and pans sold on the Bowery are made of aluminum and come without lids. Some of the stores carry Wear-Ever, a top-quality line made of Alcoa aluminum, which comes in both standard and heavy weights, both weights being stronger than the Wear-Ever cookware with which you may be familiar. The places that don't carry Wear-Ever ordinarily have either Dura-Ware or Toroware. Dura-Ware is produced by Dura-Ware Company of America, Inc., 81 Spring Street, while Toroware is made by the prestigious Wisconsin Company Leyse.

Just to complicate matters, there are also two lines of Toroware: the rather light Priscilla weight and the heavy weight, which is, in turn, equal to the standard weight in Wear-Ever. Are you still with us? Weights, then, range from Toroware Priscilla (the lightest) through Dura-Ware heavy and Wear-Ever standard (roughly equal) on up to Wear-Ever heavy. We priced the four-and-a-half-quart saucepan (without lid) in all weights we would consider buying. The manufacturer's "suggested distributor's price" (at those stores, you may pay even less) was $6.25 for the heavy Toroware, $11.25 for the Wear-Ever standard, and $25.35 for the Wear-Ever heavyweight. The spread in price will seem unwarranted only to those who do not know the superiority of the heavy Wear-Ever cookware.

Before you go downtown, start out by making a list of all the things you want. Then take twice as much money as you think you will need, because this is one occasion when you should allow yourself to be seduced by the bargains you'll encounter. If you have been living with a three-legged aluminum colander, taking it for granted that you are forever doomed to watch it tip over and spill half the pasta down the drain, stop! You are made of stone if you cannot be seduced by a five-quart stainless-steel colander that stands firmly on a circular base.

By two o'clock, when you are dying for a glass of water, the Bowery looks like the Sahara, and most of the places that call themselves restaurants are bars where you would fear to tread. (If you think the street is grimy and there are derelicts about, you're right.) The businessmen here go to a place called Moisha's for lunch, a clean and friendly delicatessen on the corner of Grand and Bowery that is done up in white-and-mustard Formica; there you can get a more than adequate corned beef sandwich or tuna platter. If, however, you are making a day of it, then try walking a little farther south until you find yourself among the allurements of Chinatown and Little Italy and the wholesome vegetarianism of SoHo. Some of the best cooking in New York is done in these neighborhoods, and surely you deserve a treat after you have just saved so much money.



Take a wok: *Town Food Service Equipment offers a variety of Chinese cookware.*

Start out at the top, with **H. Friedman & Sons** (16 Cooper Square, 254-9000), the Bloomingdale's of the Bowery, a family business since 1889. Friedman's stands at Cooper Square, the northern boundary of the Bowery. Its large, luxurious wholesale showrooms are immaculate; noises are muted; and the men who work there wear suits and ties. (Retail customers are allowed into the wholesale showrooms only if accompanied by a sales-

Restaurant Equipment
headquarters for CECILWARE HOBART JETSPRAY HAMILTON BEACH
GLOBE SLICERS BURN-O-MATIC
NATIONAL CASH REGISTERS
966-1891
SOUTH BEND RANGES
BLODGETT OVENS
the Original Discount House OF THE BOWERY
KNIVES
POTS · PANS · UTENSILS · Stainless Equipment
Large Selection
Professional

Bargain basement: *The best deals at AAA are to be found in its rummage cellar.*

"...At the Professional Kitchen we wandered, dazzled, through wide aisles, between shining roasting pans, slicers, scales..."

DINNER PLATES
SAUCERS
BOWLS
OVAL PLATTERS
TEASPOONS FORKS KNIVES
SANKA 100 PKTS PER BOX $5.95
SWEET'N LOW PER 1000 $4.95
CANDLES $5.95 PER DOZ.
IND. SUGAR PACKETS
GRENADINE SYRUP
OLIVES & ONIONS
ROSE'S LIME JUICE
CHERRIES
LEMON X
BAR CHECKS
COCKTAIL NAPKINS
BAR MOPS
Glass Cleaner
TRY US! WE ARE NOT RAISING
PARTY GOODS
WE HAVE GARBAGE BAGS
BAR SUPPLIES
8 OZ
MISPR
Coffe
CONTAI
LOW! LOW!
BAR IS BUS

Posted: *Signs on the storefront of Paragon give an indication of what is inside.*

woman and only if they want to buy large quantities—three, four, or six dozen—of tabletop wares: restaurant china, restaurant glassware, etc.)

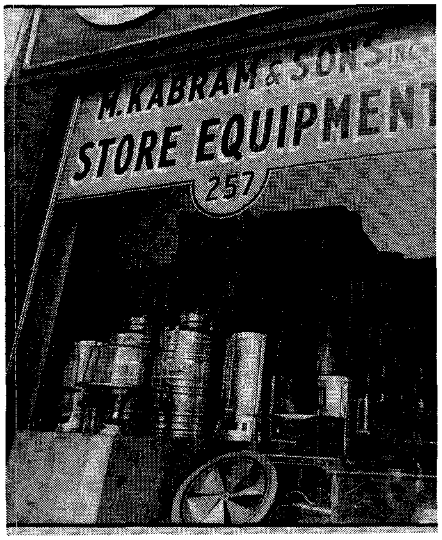
The big news on the street is that, in response to the interest that nonprofessional cooks have shown in the store, Friedman's has opened a new retail operation, the **Professional Kitchen**. In renovated premises on the site of the old small-wares showroom at 18 Cooper Square, the firm offers an expanded range of merchandise, including such hard-to-find treasures as Paderno stainless-steel-and-aluminum saucepans. Here you will find a genuine courtesy toward the shopper and an enormous range of beautiful equipment. We wandered, dazzled, through wide aisles, between shining roasting pans, colanders and strainers, griddles, saucepans and tongs, slicers and scales and coffeemakers. This is the only place we visited that offered any variety of baking equipment, and the only place where we saw Commercial Aluminum frypans with Calphalon, a release finish which is made integral with the metal of the pan and, therefore, can never be damaged by a careless cook. And the real boon to the amateur cook is that he can now use Friedman's kitchen-planning services as long as he pays the $25 engineer's fee. Fall hours: Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (Wednesday to 7 P.M.), Saturday 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Checks, Master Charge, and Visa accepted. Returns accepted.

The **Town Food Service Equipment Company** (351 Bowery, 473-8355) has been outfitting Chinese restaurants all over the country for over 30 years. Behind Town's small, sunny showroom is a workshop where employees manufacture equipment; they make stoves whose heating elements are contained in concave depressions—from one to twelve of them—to accommodate woks.

Here you can also buy a variety of Chinese cookware: a Leyse wok set at $19.70 for the set of ring, wok, steamer, and cover (it's $23 at Gimbels); or a wok with a long wooden handle like a frypan, used for Mandarin, Peking, and Szechuan cooking—it's $10.95. If you do any Indian cooking, you will find that a long-handled wok is just as good as, and far easier to find than, the authentic *karhai.* Chinese pots are made of very lightweight aluminum so that they can be brought to a high temperature quickly. In fact, even the Western pots sold here are of an extremely lightweight aluminum, so made because they are used in Chinese restaurant kitchens not for cooking but for portion control, more or less as long-handled measuring cups. Fall hours: Monday through Friday 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Saturday to 1 P.M. The sign says No Retail Sales. You may not be welcome, but they'll probably trade with you. Master Charge accepted. Returns accepted, but there's a 15 percent restocking charge.

The most blatantly commercial outfit on the street is **AAA Restaurant Equipment** (284 Bowery, 966-1891). Signs are placed invitingly around the showroom with sayings like You Are Welcome to Browse and I Can Be Very Friendly. Ask the owners when the store is open and they give the impression their doors are never closed. When pinned to a precise schedule, though, they admit to fairly regular hours. AAA is no one-price store; the price tag is open for discussion, and everything is cheaper if you buy in quantity. The place has a honky-tonk quality that belies the real values that can be found here. For example, AAA carries Waldow copper, a high-quality line which, rumor has it, used to be bought by a now defunct exclusive housewares store and marked Made in France. So at AAA you are getting Brand X doubly discounted: 20 percent off the Waldow list price and heaven only knows what off the old high-style label.

This is where you will find the excellent Gustav Emil Ern knives from Germany and good-quality Sabatier knives from France. You can buy a South Bend restaurant range or a KitchenAid K-5A mixer at well below list. There is the usual assortment of pans by Dura-Ware and Vollrath, but this shop is really distinguished by the fact that it is the biggest dealer in used goods on the street, a perennial flea market that buys up the crockery and pots and tables and chairs of restaurants that have gone out of business. A glimpse of the basement, where the merchandise is stored, boggles the mind. As *Michelin* would say, well worth a trip. Fall hours: Monday through Fri-



Heavy-duty: *Pick out a new or used freezer from the supply at M. Kabram & Sons.*

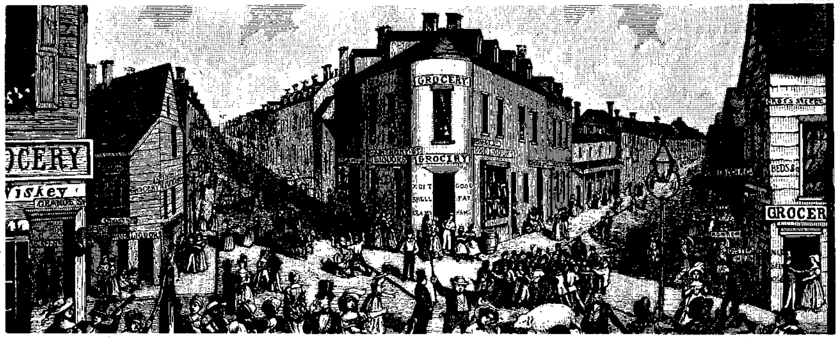
day 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Saturday 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. Returns accepted.

Next door to the orderly abundance of the showroom at the **New London Restaurant Equipment Corporation** (258–262 Bowery, 226-0346), there is a full metal shop where men produce the store's custom kitchen equipment, bending and welding long sheets of steel into stove tops, smokehouses, hanging pot racks, and griddles. They even make a stove top with four burners and a hole for a wok. In their store they will design equipment for you or work from your contractor's specifications, a service they have performed for 60 years. In the showroom itself there is a good supply of aluminum and steel cookware, Garland ranges, and Chinese cooking equipment. Open Monday through Saturday from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Returns accepted.

On its narrow storefront, **M. Kabram & Sons** (257 Bowery, GR 7-1480) announces that inside it has for sale SEVEN FLOORS OF FIXTURES AND EQUIPMENT. The specialty here is heavy-duty equipment: freezers, refrigerators, institutional ranges, and mixers. And the beautiful part is that M. Kabram has them both new and used, which makes this one of the best places to shop in town. How much is a used commercial range? The price varies according to the age and condition of the machine. No guarantees, but Kabram cleans and reconditions the ranges before they're offered for sale. (Remember that a secondhand stove probably got that way because the owners went out of business, not because they had driven the old jalopy into the ground.) Delivery will be arranged, for a price, but there's no installation. Open Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. Checks accepted. Returns accepted.

Paragon Restaurant Supplies (254–256 Bowery, CA 6-0954) carries pots and pans, but in addition specializes in cleaning supplies and paper goods. We bought a case of paper towels there; the price of an individual roll was approximately 25 cents (we paid 63 cents for the same brand in Waldbaum's). You can get good deals here on individual packets of Sanka, as well as on mops, napkins, and buckets. A large aluminum-foil roasting pan that sells for $1.19 in our supermarket costs only 40 cents at Paragon, where they feel that they are the consumer's friend. But note that you have to buy some items as they're commercially packaged; you can't always get just one or two of what you want. All cleaning products are basically ammonia, the staff told us, with a little perfume and a lot of water added; since the cost is all in the advertising, they suggest that you buy your ammonia or the house's all-purpose cleaner at Paragon and save. Here, economy is in. Food co-ops come down from the Upper West Side and over from Staten Island, fill up their station wagons with toilet paper and scouring powder and bleach, and go home to distribute the goods, undercutting the markups of the supermarkets. Helpful and interesting people here, in a dark and cluttered shop; if you have the storage space at home for these admittedly bulky items, you can save a lot of money. Open Monday through Friday 7:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CULVER PICTURES



The Bowery is an anomaly among New York streets. Like Broadway, it has a name and not a number, and, also like Broadway, it slants diagonally across the city, escaping from the tidy grid-work restrictions of a map. In both of these ways, it signals itself as being of great age. In fact, this was the road Peter Stuyvesant laid down on top of an old Indian path that led to his farm, or "bouwerie," on the Lower East Side of Manhattan Island. The farmhouse itself was near the site of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, an Episcopal church on Second Avenue and 10th Street.

The Bowery was in earlier days a wide and beautiful thoroughfare, a prosperous street, the place where the first streetcars ran and where the first block pavements in Manhattan were laid. It also divided the territories of the immigrant Jews on the east and the immigrant Italians on the west. During the nineteenth century, the Bowery became the theatrical district of the city. Here were minstrel shows, pleasure gardens, great stars like Weber and Fields and George M. Cohan, famous theaters like the National and the Astor Place opera house. The diamond district lay just to the south of the theaters.

Some time after 1870, the street began to deteriorate, in a process probably not unlike that we have seen overtaking Broadway in the West Forties. Stephen Foster once lived at No. 15 Bowery, but then again, Stephen Foster was a very heavy drinker. Soon the Bowery became the skid row of the city, the district where men who were serious about their drinking lived in the shadow of the El, secure from interference from the police. Flophouses, cheap saloons, and missions came with them, an industry formed on alcoholism. A famous song of the turn of the century noted the change in the street: "The Bowery, the Bowery. I'll never go there any more." Now, rumor has it, a super-rich family has been buying up real estate in that area, and there are hints of redevelopment. Who knows, perhaps the street will turn around again. **—B.W. and I.S.**

A little farther downtown is Blanch-Shapiro, which sounds like somebody's aunt but is in fact a spacious warehouse lined with dark wooden shelves from which the owners keep pulling treasures. **Blanch-Shapiro Restaurant Supply Corporation** (226 Bowery, CA 6-4175) had on our visit beautiful old-fashioned covered mustard jars decorated with thin green and maroon stripes on a white background, double eggcups, and high-quality onion-soup bowls. Not one cost more than $2. The problem, however, is that they were there last week, are there this week, but might not be there next week, since the business of this firm is selling odd lots, especially in tabletop ware. The whole place has an Alice in Wonderland look to it, not only because of its physical resemblance to the rabbit hole but also because of the unexpected treasures that are available. Where else on the Bowery will you be able to buy used silver-plated trays and coffeepots? Ordinarily they are bought up by caterers, who send them to be replated, after which they turn up at weddings and bar mitzvahs. At Blanch-Shapiro you never know what will be on sale; they have even had a special on Sabatier knives! It is the sort of place that is worth checking in on

"...American Cutlery is a wonderland of sharpened steel, shelves disappearing into the ceiling, like a scene out of Dickens..."

FEDERAL
RESTAURANT SUPPLY

Stylish: *The wares at Federal Restaurant Supply are complete and well arranged.*

every so often, just to see what serendipitous treasures will be offered for sale. Open Monday through Friday 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Checks accepted.

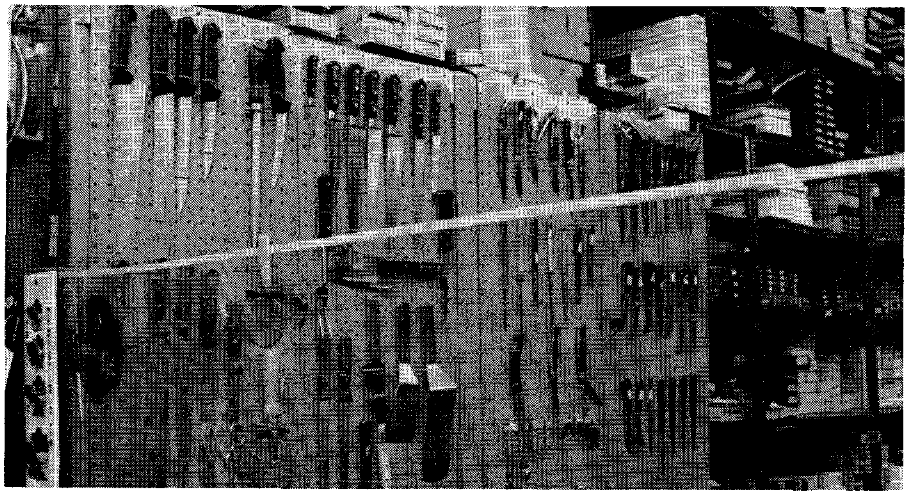
Mazer Store Equipment Company, Inc. (207 Bowery, OR 4-3450), sold a Garland range to a local politician's wife who does not cook at all and who spent more than the price of the range to have it installed in an out-of-the-way and impractical corner of her kitchen. The store also sold one to a well-known food editor who says that she uses it for her own meals, while testing recipes in lesser ovens which better duplicate the equipment of her readers. If you live nearby, Mazer will sell you a commercial range and arrange for its delivery and installation by a gas service company that installs ranges in restaurants and hotels. It also carries a wonderful array of Wear-Ever pots in all weights; it does not stock any steel pots, stainless or otherwise, believing that aluminum offers much better responsiveness to heat. Shop here for small electrical appliances which are commercial in intent but which would do very well in a home kitchen: plate warmers, milk-shake machines, toasters, and two-holed commercial food warmers—the electrical equivalent of the bain-marie. We noticed here a five-quart Vollrath colander, list price $8.60.

This is a neat, well-organized store, run by intelligent people who know the difference between one metal and another, who are accustomed to supplying home kitchens. Open Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

What sets the **Federal Restaurant Supply Company, Inc.** (202 Bowery, CA 6-0441), apart from the other stores on the Bowery is not its neatness—exemplary—nor its comprehensiveness—total—but rather the fact that somebody here has an eye for style. Don't get us wrong: At Federal you could fit out a school kitchen or a restaurant in an afternoon, and the store carries all the necessary sizes and shapes of Dura-Ware aluminum and Vollrath stainless steel. And it's a good place to shop for a house gift. An employee showed us, for example, huge blue-and-white earthenware crocks at $15 that will keep iced tea or lemonade cool on a picnic table throughout a long sunny afternoon. (At a later visit, they were gone.) He also pointed out big white plastic frozen-food containers that he sells to women from Scarsdale to use as wastebaskets and planters. And he suggested, for a mildly eccentric wedding present, a complete set of hash-house tabletop fixtures—sugar pourer, syrup pitcher, cream pot, napkin dispenser, salt and pepper shakers—each glass-and-chrome-plated, each selling for something between $1 and $3. We also liked some round bar trays here, handsome and functional in brown plastic lined with slip-free cork, $3 to $8. The staff are friendly here and welcome the retail trade. They stock a complete line of cleaning supplies also, sold in wholesale quantities. Checks accepted, and returns accepted. Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Jaffe, at the **Matas Restaurant Supply Corporation** (186 Bowery, WO 6-2251), also have cleaning supplies, as well as a full range of both household and restaurant-weight Toroware. Prices are really good here: A pastry scraper that goes for $4.95 uptown sells here for $1.95. More than accommodating, Matas will order Silex coffeemakers (if there is no stock) and a complete stock of extra parts for the machine; the store carries a large stock of Libbey glasses and is one of the few places which will be happy to

Stockpots: *A wonderful array of aluminum pots and pans are available at Mazer.*



To the point: *Knives of all sizes are the specialty at American Cutlery Hardware.*

divide up a case to sell you a dozen glasses. Don't overlook it for gift items —the staff showed us some espresso pots from Italy, beginning with a minuscule two-cup pot at $3.75 and going up to mammoth size. If you take your tea in a glass, in the style of the Russian Tea Room, here you can buy a set of glasses with metal holders in an attractive Greek Key pattern for $1.50 each. Open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Returns accepted.

American Cutlery & Hardware Company (184 Bowery, CA 6-3643) is a wonderland of sharpened steel, a dark and narrow shop whose deep wooden shelves disappear into the gloom of the ceiling like a scene out of Dickens, each shelf filled with beautiful cutlery. Mr. Schechter here is ambivalent about the retail business: From the street you can't see into his store at all, and once you get inside you are met with a kind of coyness about whether he will sell to you. "I'm not really soliciting retail business," he says. But he is a fascinating talker, a man who loves his trade and loves to expound on the history of fine knives. If you get him on a morning when he isn't busy, you could spend the whole day in here and emerge educated. What wonders there are in this store: J. Wiss shears, the best in the world; Dexter knives from Russell Harrington, the old Massachusetts firm now noted, among other things, for Chinese cutlery; professional Sabatier knives; Frosts from Sweden; and the exemplary Gustav Emil Ern from Solingen. But there are also mandolines, coleslaw shredders, pizza cutters, hunting knives, fish scalers, staplers, and even the nutty Rube Goldberg contraption called the White Mountain apple corer. At American they have designed their own Chinese-style cleaver and are importing a professional line from Sheffield, England, which, they believe, is competitive with the Swiss Victorinox. They sell to hotel and restaurant suppliers and department stores, and are currently selling to a third generation of peripatetic knife grinders, the men who travel around to butchers and chefs, selling cutlery and keeping it sharpened. These are expensive wares, but if you didn't get a penny off the list price it would still be worthwhile to buy your knives at American Cutlery. Open Monday through Friday 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

WAREHOUSE SALE

One of the Largest of its Kind

DATES: August 12–21
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French Limoges Hinged Heart Boxes	originally	36.00	now	10.00
French Limoges Decorated Vases	originally	96.00	now	25.00
French Hand Cut Crystal Ice Bucket	originally	80.00	now	25.00

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Pillow talk—Pillows and pillow furniture are on sale here, along with mirrors, lamps, and other home accessories. Among the selection of sale items: zippered floor pillows, 30 in. by 42 in., were $33, now $22; sleep sofas, consisting of foam base, full-length foam cushion, two bolsters, were $185, now $123.95; floater "beanbag" chairs, stuffed with your choice of polyurethane or polystyrene beads, large $80, small $65, now one third off. Soft-sculpture mirrors, were $55–$60, now 25 percent off; several electric fountains of copper and bronze, were $350–$800, now one third off; ceramics are 40 percent off; lamps are 25 percent off; and, at the 72nd St. store only, a selection of new and antique quilts are red-tagged at 25 percent off. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *The Furniture Gallery, 2080 Broadway at 72nd St., one flight up (595-1070); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; 362 Third Ave. at 26th St. (889-2751); Mon.–Sun. noon–8 p.m.; thru 9/5.*

Pipe dreams—The annual summer sale of pipes, tobacco, and accessories here puts bargain prices on every pipe in the store, from seconds to collectors' meerschaums. All pipes of natural, unvarnished briar, most available in smooth or lightweight carved finish; all pipes sold with a lifetime burn-out guarantee. Seconds in traditional and fancy shapes, were $8.50–$10, now $6.80–$8; unblemished firsts in eighteen standard and Danish shapes, were $15–$20, now $12–$16; other classic and popular shapes, were $22.50–$27.50, now $16.87–$20.62; oversize pipes, were $50, now $30; choice connoisseur selected-grain classics, were $30–$75, now $22.50–$56.25; rarest straight-grain Algerian briars, were $40–$75, now $30–$56.25; custom-made, meerschaum, and one-of-a-kind handmade shapes, were $50–$250, now $30–$175; calabash pipes with meerschaum caps, were $22.50–$50, now $20.25–$45; leather, gazelle, suede, or eelskin tobacco pouches are similarly reduced, as are humidors, pipe racks, tobacco canisters, and aromatic tobaccos and burley blends, such as Dawn and Dusk, Burley and Bright, 46th Street, Dutch Chocolate, etc., were $7–$7.50 per lb., now $5. Everything may be ordered by mail; catalogs available. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; everything except tobacco is exchangeable. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop, Ltd., 51 West 46th St. (247-6054); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m.; thru 9/3.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Table talk—Parsons tables will be discounted here during August and the first half of September. The mica-laminated tables, in any size and shape to your order, with or without drawers, shelves, leaves, or seamless legs (which are all extra), will be delivered (extra) in three to five weeks. A few price examples: width to 24 in., length to 42 in., was $146, now $109; width to 36 in., length to 60 in., was $182, now $161; width to 42 in., length to 72 in., was $225, now $204. The mica tables come in your choice of more than 800 colors and patterns, with name-brand finishes. Also, the unfinished hardwood Parsons tables, with birch veneer on top and poplar legs, are 25 percent off during the sale, except for the knocked-down tables, which aren't on sale. The store will finish the tables for you in wood-grain stains or decorator lacquer colors, at 40 percent off the original (not sale) price, or $30, whichever is less. This firm guarantees its work and gives prompt refunds. Master Charge, checks accepted. *Furn-A-Fit Workshops, Ltd., 228 East 51st St. (755-7707); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7:30 p.m., Sun. 12:30–5 p.m.; thru 9/15.*

Potpourri—Pottery Plus is opening a large new store in the wholesale-plant district, and celebrating with a big sale at the new place and the Third Ave. store too. All their pottery is hand-crafted, lead-free, freezer-, microwave-, dishwasher-, and oven-safe. A handsome stoneware steamer with lid, retails for $40, is usually $28 here, now $11.95; four-piece canister set with lids, glazed stoneware, usually $8.95, $9.95, $10.95, and $11.95, now all four $25; a Jimmy Carter mug for future collectors, was $12, now $8.95; covered porcelain stash boxes, were $7, now $3.95; wicker-and-wood or wooden plant stands, were $12–$15, now $7.95–$8.95; macramé hangers, from 99 cents up to a real beauty at $9.95, and literally thousands of flowerpots, planters, and cachepots of all descriptions, colors, and sizes, from the tiny to the tremendous, plus vases, saucers, "characters-in-clay" face mugs, coffee mugs of all kinds, all at good prices or special savings. Checks accepted; no credit cards; exchanges made. *Pottery Plus, 1443 Third Ave. between 81st and 82nd sts. (650-9846); 807 Ave. of the Americas at 28th St. (242-2903); Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–10 p.m.; thru 9/15.*

It's a gift—This cheerful green-and-white shop is having a sale, with 20 percent off everything, and up to 50 percent off some things. Ceramic, Lucite, china, and porcelain giftware, marble cutting boards, tiny clocks, trendy kitchen things are included. Examples: Ice buckets are 50 percent off, were $16.50–$23, now $8.25–$11.50; Gloria Vanderbilt giftware, 30 percent off (the pussycat teapot is now $11.20); assorted baskets, were $7.50–$24, now 50 percent off; half off, too, is Portuguese cabbageware (dinner plates, were $4.50, now $2.25 each); at 20 percent off are the Cuisinart food processors (the $225 model, now $180; the $185 model, now $148), and those Rigaud scented candles, were $10–$35, now $8–$28. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Marco Polo, 885 Lexington Ave. between 64th and 65th sts. (861-6446); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; thru 9/8.*

Perrier water—This is the big attraction these days at Irving's Food Center, since they are offering it at the lowest price we have seen anywhere—57 cents for the 23-oz. size. They deliver Perrier free in Manhattan (from 14th St. to 110th St. on both the East and West sides) with a minimum order of two cases at $6.84 per case plus tax. Also French Brie double-crème cheese, was $3.29 a lb., now $2.49; Jarlsberg Norwegian cheese, elsewhere $2.79–$2.99 a lb., here $2.29 a lb. Irving's also imports exclusively the Seb automatic coffee grinder from France, in chrome, with a built-in timer and automatic shutoff switch, was $23.99, now $12.99; their many bean coffees—Brazilian, Colombian, Costa Rican, Haitian, Java, Kenyan, Mexican, Mocha, Venezuelan, Viennese, French, House Blend, Mocha-Java, Copenhagen—are $3.99 per lb. in the face of rising and risen prices; a six-pack of Coors beer was $3.99, now $2.99, 12-oz. size. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Irving's Food Center, 867 Ninth Ave. at 56th St. (PL 7-3220); Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–7 p.m.; thru 9/15.* ▬

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

New York Classified is a weekly feature. All classified ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: 1 time ad $3.00/word; 2 consecutive ads $2.50/word; 3 cons. ads $2.35/word; 4 cons. ads $2.25/word; 13 ads per year $2.25/word; 26 ads per year $2.20/word; 51 ads per year $2.15/word. Min. ad 10 words. POB #'s, NYM Box #'s, Tel. #'s—2 words each; Abbreviations, ZIP Codes—1 word each. Extra $5 for NYM Box #'s. Classified Display available at $175/inch. Complete rate card available. Check/M.O. must accompany copy & be received by closing (every Tues. by 1 p.m. for following Mon.) Phone orders accepted with Master Charge/BankAmericard only. Classified Dept., New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. (212)986-5894. Reply to NYM Box Numbers at same address.

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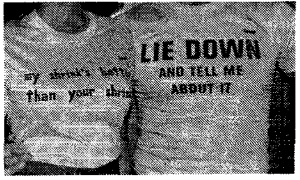
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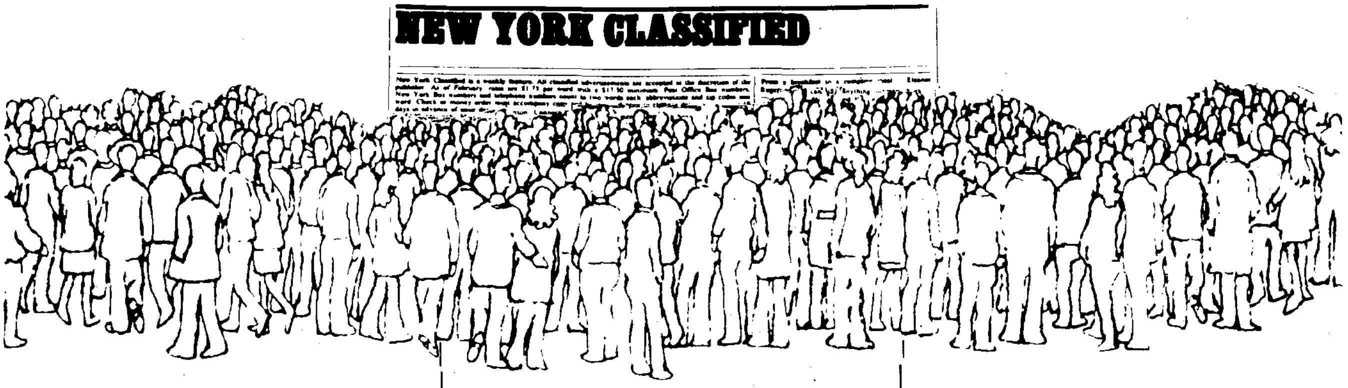

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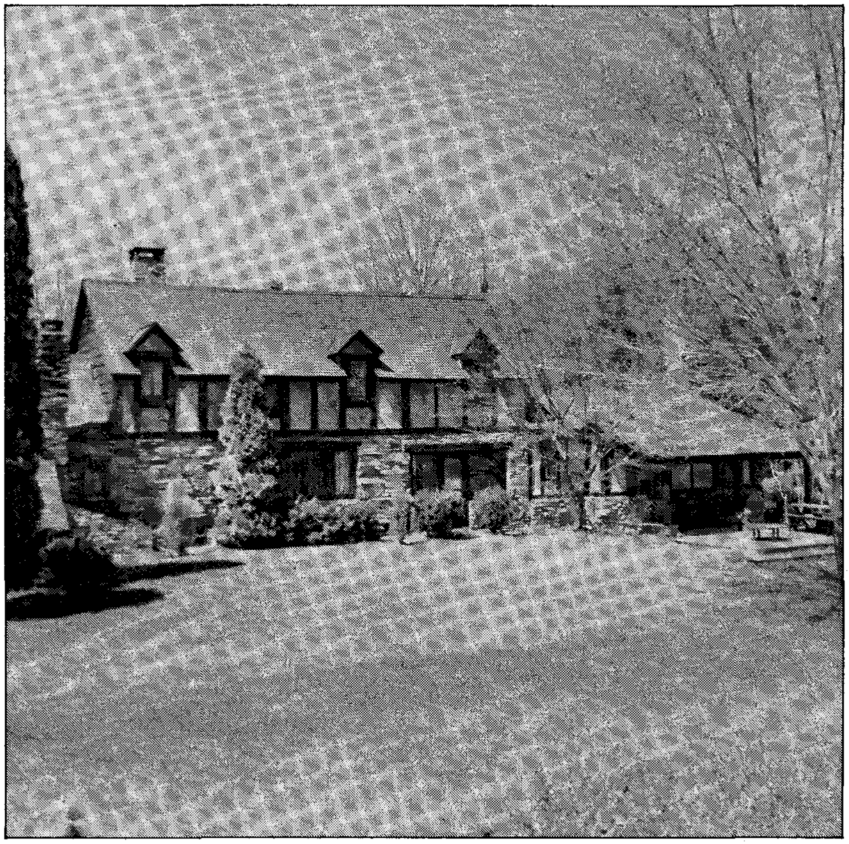

SUSSEX COUNTY, N.J.

40 ACRE ESTATE
EXQUISITE FRENCH PROVINCIAL HOME

2 Stone Fireplaces... Natural Stone Floors, Breathtaking 30 MILE VIEW of Sussex County. Beautiful heated inground Pool, Cabana, Patio. Spring-fed pond, stream, cascades and riding trails. Brochure available on request.

$250,000.

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COVE NECK

Great view from bathrooms. Pool, tennis court. Three cottages above water. Call Liz at (516) 922-6111.

O'KEEF HUTCHINSON & DOWNING, INC.

24 Audrey Ave. Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771

BEEKMAN PLACE, NYC

OUR EXCLUSIVE has magnificent River Views from the owner's garden duplex & 3 other apartments. The 3rd floor is vacant, so you may even have a triplex. $125,000 cash and good terms will make it yours.

Mrs. Beatrice M. Kaye (212) 838-9330

L.B. KAYE ASSOCIATES, LTD.

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NYACK $64,900

FRENCH TUDOR

Situated on a private hillside ½ acre is this quaint country dwelling with seasonal river view. 6 rooms, beamed ceilings, fireplace, 2 patios - charming!

LYDECKER AGENCY

NYACK (914) 358-3700

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

LLEWELLYN PARK, N.J.
Mansion on 3.5 Acres

Private security. Pool, greenhouse, carriage house. 30 minutes NYC. $295,000. Call Lynn Warner:

The Degnan Company (201) 467-3883

EAST HAMPTON - WAINSCOTT

South of Montauk Highway, near ocean & tennis. Excellent investment, rental income, ½ wooded landscaped acre. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, oil heat, fireplace, huge kitchen, furnished & equipped. Excellent financing. $80,000.

EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

Country enchantment, 5 minutes from village, 1 wooded acre, landscaped for privacy, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, oil heat, 2 fireplaces, central air cond., den, dining room, basement & 18' x 36' heated pool with over 2,500 square feet of deck. Many, many extras, good financing. Asking $175,000.

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY
(516) 324-1133

West Nyack, New York $99,500

FLORIDA STYLE BRICK & GLASS CONTEMPORARY. Prestige Area! 1½ acres Formal Gardens of Estate, buildable lot! Artistic Stone Work along Brook! Decks! Patios! Fireplace! 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, Central Vacuum System, 2 car Garage.

Helen Skjerding, Realtor (914) 358-0451

WALDEN WOODS

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Just 116 clustered contemporary homes with private backyards amidst 21 acres of forest. Spectacular Clubhouse with many facilities; 35 min. from Grand Central. From the $60's to $80's.

Ogden Road, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.
(914) 693-4978 \ (914) 693-4333

This advertisement is not an offering in the Walden Wood Homeowner's Assoc., which can be made only by formal prospectus.

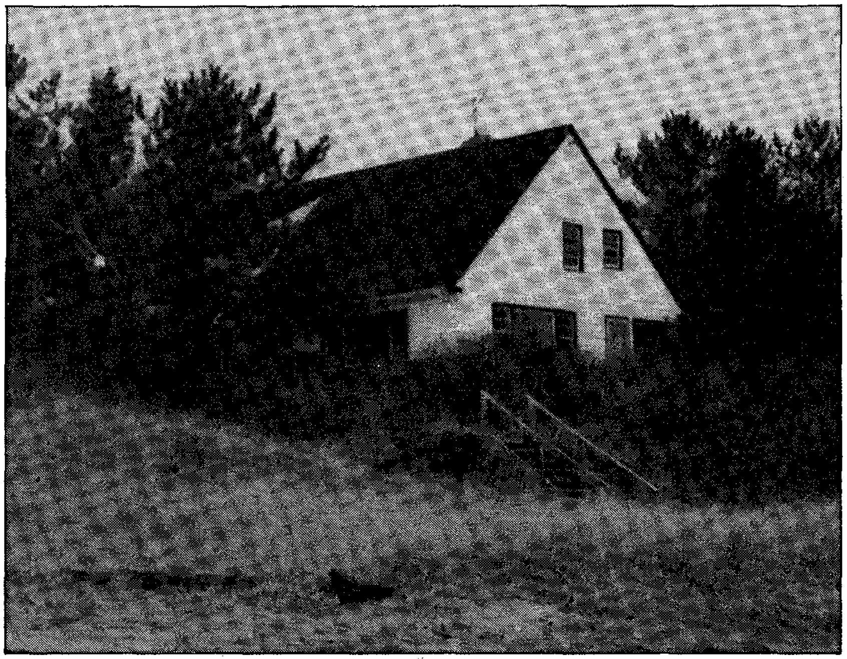
PRINCETON
"White Cloud Farm"

An historic Old Colonial, Charles Lindberg lived here. Large living room, dining room, library, 3 fireplaces, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, wide floor boards, in a beautiful country setting + 3 bedroom guest cottage, 26 x 50 pool, Barns.

Offered at $200,000 with 8 acres, more land available. House lease $950/month.

Thompson Land

Realtor, Princeton - (609) 921-7655



Retreat Anyone?- Remarkable waterfront house - uniquely suitable for groups and quiet enjoyment. A gentle, sandy beach in front. . . tall shade trees all around. 2 story living room, 3 fireplaces, huge eat-in kitchen, 10(!) bedrooms, 4 baths. Adjacent lot also available. Most unusual at $160,000. Talk to **Tina S. Fredericks, Realty, East Hampton, N.Y., (516) 324-4418.**

SALISBURY

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ROBINSON LEECH ASSOC.
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(802) 888-3708 (212) 934-7011

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LESLIE H. FINLAY
Realtor (914) 277-3650

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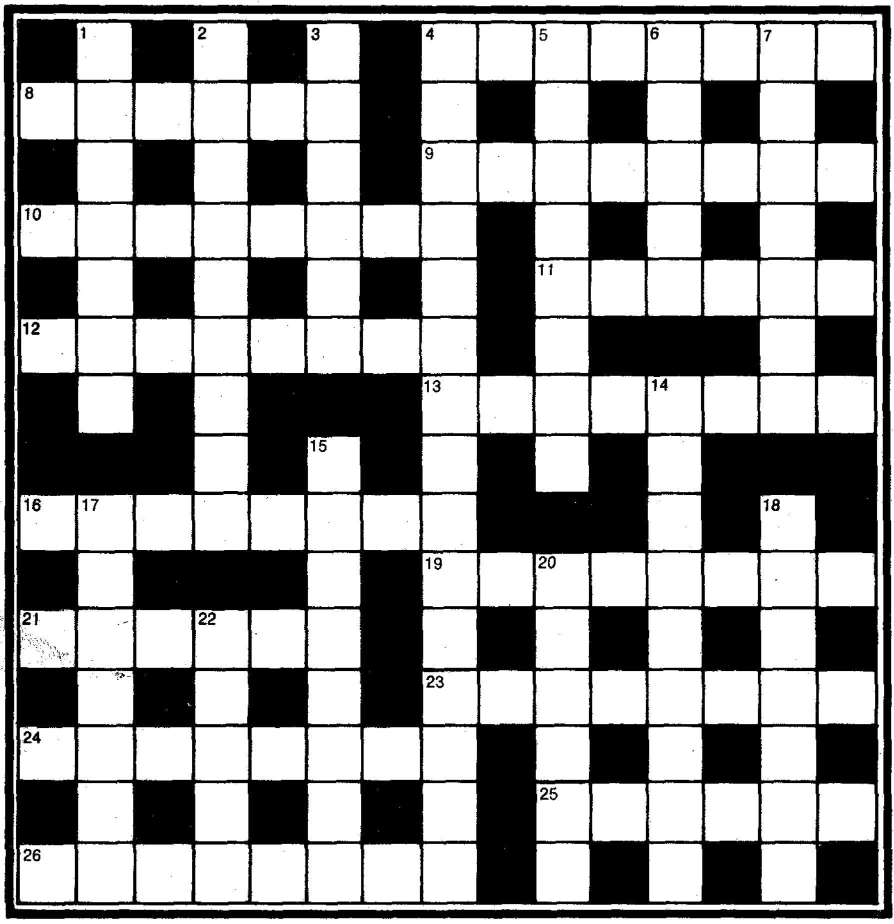
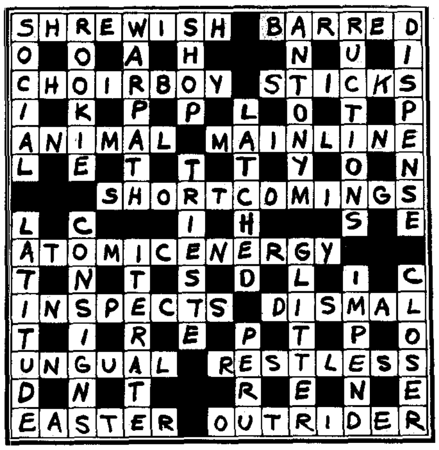


Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

4 A place in the country, had I felt in need of a change. (8)

8 To shoot duck somewhere in the West Indies. (6)

9 The trouble exists in the subtlety of meaning. (8)

10 It is sweet having a short time with girls. (8)

11 Fate is welcomed after killing starts. (6)

12 The French back pursues the pursuer in verse. (8)

13 Historian who needs a coin catalogue. (8)

16 There's nothing in what a goat does with a donkey when fastened. (8)

19 Allow food to be provided for the town. (8)

21 "His clear —— Yet reigns o'er earth" (Shelley). (6)

23 Pleading to have a meal in the lobby. (8)

24 Without shoes, but he'd be a game runner if he lost his advantage. (8)

25 Fruit keeps a girl within call. (6)

26 Flower produced when beer is spilt in the dining-room. (8)

DOWN

1 One wise man has little time for another. (7)

2 It is gross, holding a message up for a fascist. (9)

3 The cat is the one who meditates about nothing. (6)

4 Let England share broadcast opera. (6, 3, 6)

5 Mental exercise inappropriate for Henry VIII? (8)

6 Religious leaders give one a degree on writing. (5)

7 Servants have wants without you turning up. (7)

14 The metal is thereabouts beaten. (9)

15 Animal which makes insect run away. (8)

17 A pulp as processed in Sweden. (7)

18 Catch what is suitable in medicine. (7)

20 There would be little room for the old country if it were without end. (6)

22 Woman from London is to retire next week. (5)

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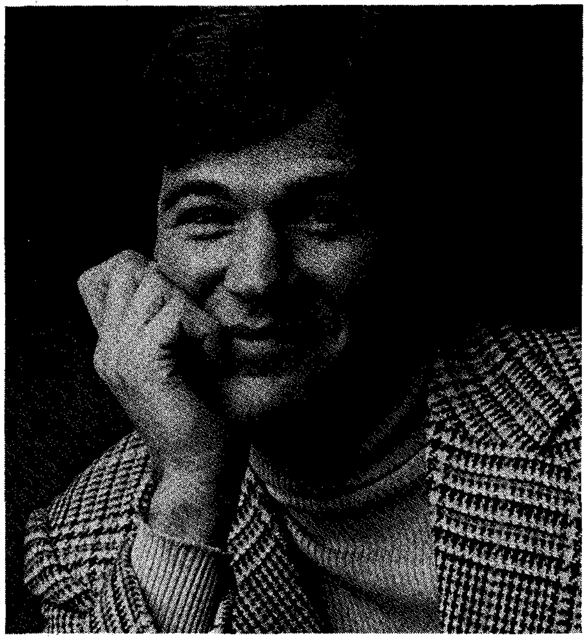

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